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ONE truth sticks out violently in the crisis with Germany. If we break off diplomatic relations, we have made an enemy of a great Power. Once we force Germany to yield, we have taken from her a darling and perhaps an indispensable weapon. Should Germany lose the war, or merely deadlock it, as surely as the sun rises in the east, we shall have to bear the odium. When the rulers of Germany start to explain they will say that our friendliness to the Allies, our shipment of munitions, and our stand on the submarine question turned the scale against Germany. Whatever the outcome we shall have made Germany bitter. If we have made an enemy, we must make a friend. This crisis has revealed to every thinking man the peril of isolation. We have ranged ourselves, unconsciously it would seem, on the side of western sea power. Having made that bed we dare not refuse to lie in it. We have taken sides in the war, and if American diplomacy has any vision it will understand that its first duty is to turn the danger we have incurred from Germany into a constructive understanding with France and the British Empire.

TO speak of the present Irish revolt as "made in Germany," is an inversion of the facts. Ever since a French expedition came to the help of the Irish uprising in 1798, the dream of continental aid against Britain has been a part of Irish revolutionary tradition, and that tradition, with its memories of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet and John Mitchel, has never died out in Ireland. Just as Wolfe Tone besought Napoleon's assistance, so Sir Roger Casement has besought German assistance; and as sea-power nullified Tone it has nullified Casement. It was a combination of the Sinn Fein movement and the Irish volunteer movement that encouraged Sir Roger Casement to make his wild attempt. During the last twenty years the man who has best nourished the revolutionary tradition in Ireland has been Arthur Griffith, founder of *Sinn Fein,* a journal with a Gaelic name which is pronounced shinfane and means self-help. Mr. Griffith took the success of Hungary as the model for Ireland. He portrayed the selfishness of British imperialism, the industrial feebleness of Ireland, attacked parliamentarianism and recruiting, and gave Irish disaffection its texts. Their appeal was weak among the farmers because of the land settlement, but when the national volunteers were organized against Carson a welcome opportunity came to the Sinn Fein group. By numerous arrests since the war began, Britain has shown its awareness of conspiracy. The extent of the conspiracy is hard to estimate. It is probably more intense than extensive. It is only significant as a patriotic *cri de coeur.*

IT is unfortunate that the framers of the Burnett bill had not the wisdom to let well enough alone in the matter of Japanese immigration. The Root-Takahira agreement disposes of the problem satisfactorily for the present. If it proves impracticable to renew this agreement upon its expiry, recourse may then be had to exclusion by law. The premature action of our legislators has had the effect of complicating our foreign relations at a time when harmony is worth everything. It has had the

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further effect of setting a precedent for diplomatic intervention in what is strictly a national matter. Down to the present every nation has regulated immigration and emigration exclusively with a view to its own interest. There is no established right of international migration. There are no most-favored nation principles covering the subject of international movements of labor. Consequently there can be no complaint, founded on law or international practice, against discrimination. By permitting the matter to come under diplomatic discussion at the present delicate moment of the world's history, we have gone far toward laying a foundation for legal principles bound to prove embarrassing to us in the future.

JAPANESE indignation over the exclusion features of the immigration bill would seem inordinate if we overlooked its diplomatic quality. The Japanese know very well that it is not because we regard them as an inferior race that we wish to exclude them. Quite the contrary. We regard them as representatives of a culture so old and so highly developed that the chance of their exchanging it for ours is too remote for consideration. They are not assimilable, and it is a condition of our harmonious and fruitful national development that we should admit to our agricultural and industrial population only elements that will easily blend. The trading and professional middle class may be cosmopolitan without disadvantage to the state, so long as the broader strata of the population are nationalized. These represent the solid and permanent part of the nation. The Japanese themselves would not tolerate the planting on their soil of permanently alien colonies. Why, then, this show of wounded national honor? So long as the matter of immigration is regulated by gentlemen's agreements, periodically renewable, the Japanese have a lever for exacting concessions with regard to other matters—trade policy in China, for example. An unsettled immigration question is part of the capital of Japanese diplomacy. And Japanese diplomatists, among the most astute in the world, will not permit this capital to be destroyed if protesting is of avail.

OBSERVERS interested in the influence of the women's vote in municipal affairs will find it worth while to examine the returns of the recent aldermanic election in Chicago, in order to see how far and in what respect the women voters have sustained the honorable record they made in the local election of last year. In this particular case we are not forced into speculation as to the way in which women voted because their vote is recorded separately from the men's, owing to the fact that the women of Illinois have only partial suffrage and are therefore given separate ballots. The returns show that only 54 per cent of the registered women voted whereas 68 per cent of the registered men voted on the same day. But this fact should not be a matter for surprise, because the women's vote is an unknown quantity to the politician and he is afraid of it. The party machines are careful, consequently, to make no effort to bring the women to the polls. It is encouraging to note that the most of the women who did cast their vote used it to some good purpose. In the primary contest, for instance, the most bitter fight was waged in the Seventh ward, which is the home ward of Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago, and the leader of good-government forces in that city. Mayor Thompson announced that he would defeat Professor Merriam in his own ward by preventing the renomination of Alderman Kimball, and he would have succeeded in doing this had it not been for the women's vote. The plurality given by the women voters for the Merriam candidate was 277, while the plurality vote of the men voters for the Thompson candidate was 119. On election day the same good-government candidate received 79 per cent of the women's vote and only 64 per cent of the men's votes.

THIS is an important incident because it is not isolated. Two of the best aldermen elected to the council last year, Mr. Robert Buck and Mr. Alexander McCormick, also owe their nomination to the women voters. It is unnecessary to analyze the vote in each of the 35 wards in Chicago, but a very simple test may be applied to determine the independence and the intelligence of the women voters by examining whether or not a larger percentage of the women than the men voted for the candidates recommended by the Municipal Voters' League, a genuinely non-partisan good-government organization. The league made recommendations in only 33 wards out of the 35, and in 7 of these wards there was no difference between the percentage of women and the percentage of men voting for good-government candidates. In the 5 wards in which the league endorsed a Socialist candidate the percentage of men who voted for this candidate was slightly higher than the percentage of women. This happened also in the election of 1915, and it seems to imply that the women voters were reluctantly supporting a Socialist candidate even when he was endorsed by the Municipal Voters' League. In 3 of the remaining 21 wards a larger percentage of the men than of the women voted for the League's candidate. Finally, in the remaining 18 wards a larger percentage of the women than of the men voted without regard for party affiliations for candidates recommended by

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the League. These 18 wards were separated in widely scattered parts of the city. They included two university wards on the south side, the " silk stocking wards " on the north side, and some of the submerged wards to the west. All sorts and conditions of women, rich and poor, ignorant and intelligent, native born and immigrant, united to make their city a better home for their children.

IN the wild excesses of its moral turpitude the Drama League of America has been endorsing plays by Bernard Shaw and Schnitzler, as well as " Marie-Odile," " Hindle Wakes " and " The Hawk." These enormities have not escaped the Catholic weekly, *America*. They are solemnly enumerated by a writer who thinks the Drama League shameless, " very dangerous," " extremely radical." He counsels boycott and strangulation. " All playgoers who are Christians," he urges, " should deny that organization their support, for its influence is making decidedly for the further demoralization of the stage." On the evidence, certainly, the case against the Drama League is tremendous. It disagrees with the Knights of Columbus of Cincinnati, Ohio, over " Marie-Odile " and with a Jesuit priest over " Androcles and the Lion." Perhaps censorship of the theatre could be arranged by these outraged gentlemen that would put the Drama League out of business. The American public would undoubtedly enjoy having its culture exclusively prescribed for it by the Knights of Columbus, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IT is a serious thing, however, that the Drama League should be maligned, even by a nincompoop. It is a singularly scrupulous and disinterested national organization. Except by a moral myopic, it cannot be accused of endorsing vile plays. There is no play, of course, to which some one may not object. But what would we think of the Bar Association if it called the Drama League shameless, dangerous and radical because it happened to recommend " Justice " as a good play? There are many special groups in the country that would like to influence the Drama League. The Mormon Church would like to dictate its attitude toward " Polygamy," no doubt, and the Mystic Shriners might conceivably feel injured if it did not think that " Fair and Warmer " was insulting, offensive, vile. But the Drama League is a public institution with its first obligation to playgoers, not to Mormons, Catholics or Mystic Shriners. To judge it from a purely sectarian angle is to judge it aslant. It is silly and vicious to ask for its boycott on these grounds, or on the grounds of crippled narrowness in morals. Catholicism should not be identified with dull tyranny over free institutions, and Catholics themselves should spank anyone who recommends vindictiveness in their name.

ONLY fifteen years ago even such a good critic as Arthur Symons could write without a qualm: " Oscar Wilde was a philosopher in masquerade, and he had perfected one art: the art of the stage." Nowadays not even a bad critic would say that. Miss Anglin's revival of " A Woman of No Importance " is one more reminder of the truth that except as it gave him a chance to make people talk wittily without sounding unnatural Oscar Wilde did not take the stage seriously. His story, in each of the three plays where he pretends to tell one, is quite childish. His construction is hackneyed. His plays live because the fine manners which he invented, and to which he gave such an air of naturalness that to this day they are often mistaken for copies of the behavior of the English upper classes, have an ease and an economy that are almost beauty. This is one of the two arts of the stage which he did perfect, the other being the art of making almost the wittiest dialogue in the modern world sound almost life-like.

AFTER all, perhaps the administration does intend to keep Mr. Morgan in the New York post office. Perhaps it has merely been trying to bring Tammany around to the view that he had better be kept there. This is a possible explanation of several queer doings. First the administration dangles the New York postmastership in front of Mr. Joseph Johnson, and next, when the exclamations of disgust and derision have swelled to the requisite loudness, the prize is suddenly jerked away. Then the place is offered to Senator Wagner, a politician miles above the standard Tammany average, and is by him incontinently refused. If this sort of thing goes on the administration may at last be able to say to Senator O'Gorman: " See here. People won't stand for the kind of appointment you really want, and the best kind of Tammany man won't take the job. What can we do but leave Morgan alone?" It is a strange game and a long game, but while it is playing Mr. Morgan continues to run the New York post office.

IMPORTATION and production of luxuries are at high tide. We are making money, a little for the many, a great deal for the few, and it is natural that the stocks of diamonds and silks and laces should move briskly. It is conceivable that a better method of disposing of the fruits of other nations' misfortunes might be devised. European industry will shortly present a vast problem of reconstruction, and even now there is abundant opportunity for using surplus resources for the develop-

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ment of industry in neutral states. Nor would it be excess of prudence on our part if we sought to accumulate funds against possible future needs. It is not to be taken for granted that the United States will escape a serious financial shock when the readjustment to peace takes place. Nationally we may come to regret the dissipation of our potential reserves.

What Next With Germany?

WHETHER Germany yields or stands, the essentials of the President's course are determined for him. His task, as in the beginning, is to bring home to the minds of Germans the full consequences of what American hostility would mean. They will yield nothing whatsoever to pleas of humanity and law, for a people fighting in the mood of desperation has no difficulty in imagining that law, reason, religion, and all history justify whatever that people wishes to do. Unless words are weighted with tangible penalties, it is idle to expect the Germans to pay any attention to them. The kind of peaceful settlement which Mr. Wilson desires has always depended upon his ability to make the Germans imagine what it would mean to face the enormous resources and potentialities of America.

Nothing Germany can say in the way of concessions will alter that fact. If she renews her pledges or makes new promises, the real problem will still be whether she can be compelled to abide by them. It will still be necessary for Mr. Wilson to keep the mind of Germany impressed with the consequences of a rupture or hostilities. It will still be necessary for him to keep alive in Germany a vivid sense of American power. If, on the other hand, Germany refuses to yield and diplomacy breaks down, Mr. Wilson can avert war only by exerting the most conspicuous pressure, by using every ounce of power he can command to show Germany the danger of open hostility. If he has averted a diplomatic break now, it was by threatening it; if he averts war later, it will be by threatening it. Whatever Germany may yield, she will yield to our potential power, and to nothing else.

How can the President exert this pressure? By beginning at once, no matter what the German answer may be, to organize and dramatize American resources. This war is primarily a war of exhaustion. Let Mr. Wilson begin therefore by showing Germany that we are preparing to throw our untouched and fresh economic power into the scale against her. Let him call a meeting of the Federal Reserve Board, and consult with it as to how best to mobilize American credit. Let him call together the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroad executives and the chiefs of the railroad unions and consult with them about the organization of munitions' transport. Let him call upon the Engineering Boards for plans to double or treble the munitions output backed by government guaranties. Let him call upon the Federal Trade Commission, the National Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor for a mobilization scheme of the important industries. Let him put the navy into condition for immediate service. Let him insist upon the passage of the Senate Army bill. Let him call upon the necessary committees of Congress to prepare resolutions for emergency appropriations, for a non-intercourse act, for the sequestration of German property and patents, for the requisitioning of the German merchant ships. Let him open parleys with the British and French Ambassadors to discuss possible terms of coöperation.

In other words, let the President put the country immediately in a condition of preparedness. If that is done with any skill, he will have created the guaranties behind any promises Germany may make. Then if those promises are broken it will not be necessary for him to rush us into an old-fashioned war. He will have a great variety of weapons at his command, and after each violation or "accident" he can put on the screws. For one outrage he can declare non-intercourse; for another he can make a loan to the Allies; for another he can sequestrate German property; for another he can begin munitions work; for another he can dispatch the fleet.

And all the while, it is of first importance that he keep the issues definite. Just as he must make Germany realize the consequences of a break, so he must keep alive the terms on which friendly relations can be resumed. If the break comes, it must not be merely a case of cutting Germany dead. The reasons must be made clear, the penalties must be made visible, and the terms on which peace can be restored must be left open as a standing offer. All this is valid, we believe, whether or not the diplomatic program outlined last week in "An Appeal to the President," is accepted. It was based on the idea that if direct pressure by the United States fails to safeguard American rights, America should pool her rights with those of Belgium, abandon the doctrine of neutrality, and coöperate against the power which was the first offender and the most ruthless violator of international law.

But any diplomatic program depends for its effectiveness upon the organization of American power. For whatever course we decide to pursue, one truth is preëminent. The success depends upon our capacity to affect the issues of the war, and upon a realization by Germany that we have such capacity.

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The Republican Dilemma

ALTHOUGH only a little over a month has still to elapse before the assembling of the Republican Convention, he is a rash prophet who would dare to predict what course it will adopt. The party presents no less than it did three months ago a most distracted and disorganized appearance. Doubtless when the time comes it will by some supreme effort pull itself together and partly agree upon a candidate and a platform; but no one can tell how and how far it will succeed.

The leaders of the Republican party are confronted by a real dilemma. In order to have a good chance of winning at the election next fall, they need not only to reunite their own party; they need to unite it on a platform and in favor of a candidate presenting a sharp contrast to the platform and the candidate of the Democratic party. Their opponents have possession of the government. Republican leaders have hoped and expected to win by default merely as a result of the unpopularity of the administration or of division within the Democratic party; but of late the probability of so winning has become increasingly remote. The Democrats are becoming more popular and more united. The Republicans need an aggressive candidate and a sharp issue, and at present they see no way of getting what they need without paying a dangerously high price for it. The candidate and the issue which will contrast them most sharply with the Democrats is the candidate and the issue which may divide them most completely one from another. They are being driven to choose between an aggressive leader whose personal platform and personality will alienate many Republicans or some less aggressive leader who will keep the party together, but who may not be able to put sufficient vigor into his campaign to defeat such a well intrenched enemy.

The conspicuous alternative of aggressive leadership is, of course, embodied in Theodore Roosevelt. The American people have always figured him as a man who can be depended upon to push harder than any one else. Since he became a leader of national importance, he has always been first among the forwards—first, that is, among those who were straining to make the immediately important changes in American life and institutions. From 1901 until 1914 these most immediately important changes concerned industrial organization and domestic policy. Since 1914 they have concerned military organization and foreign policy. But the temper was the same in both cases. Mr. Roosevelt has has never been a radical in the sense of penetrating to the roots of an evil or an abuse and of devising an adequate remedy. But he has always been that other and equally necessary kind of a radical whose ideas straightway explode into action and agitation. He is rallying behind himself at the present time those people who feel that we have entered upon a stern and critical period in American history, in which the country needs a man gifted with the genius of action, who can act decisively without being precipitate, who can act considerately without being dilatory.

If the Republican party is ready for this strenuous life, the leader, if not the program, stares it in the face. But how far are they ready? Undoubtedly there are many Americans all over the country, Republicans and Democrats, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt is peculiarly qualified to lead the country through the perilous adventures of the next few years, and who are seriously perturbed at the prospect of putting any less energetic and resolute man in the Presidential chair. If Mr. Roosevelt were nominated he would from the very start force the fighting and sweep along many hesitant people who are infected by enthusiasm and overborne by insistence, but it is doubtful whether or not he could communicate his own fighting spirit and that of his immediate followers to a sufficient number of the voters. The kind of campaign which Mr. Roosevelt would conduct would convert many, but it might dismay and irritate as many people as it would convert. The American people are in a serious but irresolute state of mind. Mr. Roosevelt's opponents will urge that such a campaign would probably result as it did in 1912; Mr. Roosevelt would get most of the enthusiasm and Mr. Wilson most of the votes.

No wonder the Republican politicians hesitate and search the horizon for some less hazardous leader. Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy has obtained a prodigious momentum, which is perhaps the most remarkable example offered by his career of his inexhaustible political vitality; but his success is remarkable precisely because he is breasting without overcoming what seem to be insuperable obstacles. The Republicans are no more a united party than they were in 1912. A certain measure of reunion has taken place, because Mr. Wilson's success in keeping the Democracy together provoked a grudging and a drifting return to the old party allegiance. But the schism has not been really healed. The larger business men, the politicians, and the loyal party Republicans who made up the following of Mr. Taft in 1912 are not ready to concede anything to the combination of farmers and small business men who composed the Progressive party. The former Progressives have not lost their distrust of the people who insisted on nominating Mr. Taft in spite of the publicly declared opposition of a majority of the party. Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is not

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making as yet for reunion. He is supported by many men connected with business interests who opposed him in 1912. But the Republican politicians are afraid of him, because they realize that Mr. Roosevelt would be quite willing to tear the party to pieces once again in the interest of his own policies. And he is opposed by many of the farmers and small business men who formerly supported him, but who do not like his present associations, whose interest lies in domestic political problems and who are far from sharing his strenuous and "heroic" mood. All the slumbering dissensions in the Republican party may be aroused rather than subdued by a candidate of Mr. Roosevelt's qualities.

Yet the alternative of nominating a tamer candidate, who would come to revive Republicanism as Mr. Wilson has sought to revive Democracy, offers as many and as serious difficulties. The Republicans are confronted with the job of routing the Democrats out of office at a critical moment in the history of the country. They can hardly succeed in doing so unless they can fasten on the Democratic administration some really flagrant and obvious recreancy to the interests and needs of the country. This is precisely what Mr. Roosevelt has been trying to do, and it must be done, if at all, in something of his strenuous fighting spirit. But the task is becoming increasingly difficult because all along the line Mr. Wilson is forestalling criticism of this kind. He has brought the country to the edge of a break with Germany. He is adopting a more active policy in Mexico. The Democrats in Congress are authorizing as large an army and navy as Mr. Roosevelt himself has demanded. They may be criticised for past negligence but scarcely by a party whose leaders did not raise any voice in protest at the time when the negligences were being committed. The Republicans are now reaping the harvest of their own stupidity and obscurantism during the past few years. They have gambled on their ability to elect their candidate on a protectionist prosperity platform and they have lost. Prosperity arrived in Democratic clothes and not as the result of an increase in protection. The issue shifted to foreign policy, on which they have no convictions and are worse divided than the Democrats. They need some one to pull them out of the hole; and they must either take Mr. Roosevelt with all his liabilities or fasten on another candidate who has some of the same qualifications.

Up to date Mr. Roosevelt, as we have said, has supplied the only effective criticism which the Wilson administration and the Democratic party have been obliged to meet. It has from the start been the only consistent, vindictive and uncompromising enemy of the Democratic administration. But his criticism has had one serious and increasing disadvantage as Mr. Wilson himself has gradually adopted a more forward policy. The Roosevelt polemic has become increasingly personal and has concentrated more and more upon mistakes which are being remedied than upon an alternative program which would more completely embody the aspiration for a newer and better American nation. The framing of such a program is difficult but not impossible. If Mr. Roosevelt can frame it, he will do away with the worst defect in his own candidacy and supply the foundation for a much more varied and abundant popular support. If he does not and cannot frame such a program, he will be making a vacancy for a man who is like himself in not being responsible for the past errors of the Republican tactics, but who may be equally capable of offering a sharp, aggressive and a well considered substitute for the hesitations and half measures of the Democratic administration.

Mexican Intervention

IT was in the power of the Mexican authorities to keep their soil free from the presence of the American soldiers. They have military resources to threaten our army; they must therefore have had resources sufficient to crush Villa long before the fatal raid on Columbus. It was in their power, after our expedition crossed the border, greatly to abbreviate our stay. All that was needed was to cooperate loyally in the pursuit of the bandit. Instead, they have reserved all their forces as if for the work of expelling our troops. They have made an international incident of prime importance out of what might have been merely an instance of cooperative policing. They have forced the issue, not only of border raiding, but of the future of Mexico. And it is just as well that the issue has been raised at this time, when there is no hostility in America to the Mexican people, when the annexationist and exploitative forces have no influence with the administration. We are in Mexico now: let us remain until we have had opportunity to discuss the broader question of the future of Mexico. What effective means do the Carranzistas offer for the restoration of order?

What concern is this of ours, demand the spokesmen of non-intervention. It is a vital concern. So long as revolution succeeds to revolution in endless vista, we shall be compelled to keep an army mobilized along the border. We shall be exposed to serious complications with foreign powers, under the Monroe Doctrine. For, granted that we may look on calmly while our citizens are despoiled of their property, no other great Power will do this. It is of vital concern to us that our people shall not

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become accustomed to the idea of Mexico as the home of chronic violence and anarchy. With that idea firmly established in the popular consciousness, there can be no effective internal check upon the imperialistic ambitions of the few. Territorial expansion to the southward would be a great evil for us and for the Mexicans. It can be permanently obviated only by the early restoration of peace in Mexico. And this implies the establishment of a strong government in Mexico. Not the government of a so-called strong man, like Diaz or Huerta, but a government with constitutional powers adequate to the solution of the governmental problems peculiar to Mexico.

The bane of Mexican political life has been the concession. The natural wealth of Mexico, mineral and even agricultural, is largely of a character requiring considerable capital for its exploitation. The Mexican population itself has always been poor, illiterate—even to-day not more than sixteen per cent can read and write. In consequence local capital and enterprise have been feeble; the vast wealth of the country has lain unutilized, a tempting prey to foreign plunderers. Foreign enterprise, of course, has required local political support, but the prospects of profit have been great enough to purchase such support. The power of Diaz was notoriously based upon a share in the profits of exploitation. It was a similar source upon which Huerta hoped to win power. Foreign exploitative capital is reasonably suspected of having had much to do with the uprising of Villa against Carranza. Whether this is true or not, it is indisputable that concessionary capital is now, and will continue to be, the most serious menace to Mexican tranquillity. There will be peace in Mexico when the government becomes strong enough to handle the problem of concessions properly. There will never be peace so long as the government remains weak. Mere incorruptibility is no guaranty against disorder.

It has been the work of the revolution to frighten away many large landowners whose titles rested on fraud and to effect a practical revocation of hosts of doubtful concessions. The dependence of the peon upon the man of wealth has been shattered. There is not so much slavery in Mexico as in the time of Diaz. So far, the results of the revolution have been good. But all this work is of a negative character, and unless the work of construction is speedily undertaken, a counter revolution is inevitable. The old landlords may never return, but new ones not less grasping will appear. The former concessionaires may accept the forfeiture of their holdings, but new concessionaires will drive bargains no less unfavorable to the nation. And this will be true whether the United States government stands behind the interests of Americans in Mexico or refuses to concern itself with them. At most all that the United States can accomplish through a negative policy toward Mexico is a substitution of British, French and German concessionaires for American.

The Mexican federal government ought to be powerful enough to solve the land question and to regulate the granting of concessions. It ought to reserve to itself the power to protect the working population against enslavement. If the old constitution does not give the federal government adequate powers—and this appears to be the case—it is in the power of the revolution to create a new constitution. With a sufficiently powerful central government, it would be possible either to exploit the resources of the country nationally, through capital raised by foreign loans, or through private grants reserving to the treasury a fair share of the profits. In either case an abundant public revenue could be secured without resort to taxation. The government would be able to grapple with the evils of illiteracy, poverty and disease, and place the country on a civilized plane. The era of revolution would be closed.

It is in the interest of Mexico that a strong government should be established, and it is in our interest as well. And now that we are in Mexico, and the Mexicans themselves have made a broader question of our presence than we had intended, we ought to be slow in retiring until evidence is presented that Mexico is on the road to the necessary reforms. With such evidence at hand, we ought not only to retire, but to offer our own resources in aid of the government. We could afford to guarantee a Mexican loan, to restore the finances of the government and free it from dependence upon grasping financial interests. Whatever cost such a policy might entail would be counterbalanced in the long run by the benefits accruing to us from Mexican peace.

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Universal Service as Education

II

THE argument for universal military service for educational purposes is much stronger when put upon general grounds than when the needs of the immigrant are conspicuous in the plea. Rear Admiral Goodrich has said: "The average American boy is neither obedient, helpful nor well-mannered. We have learned that these things cannot be taught in the homes. Something is needed and that is universal training." The indictment of the native-born and of his home life is so sweeping as to undo itself; let it pass. Statements from a broader social point of view set forth the need of training which will develop a more extensive and vital sense of responsibility than is now found. Speaking roughly, our youth of the more favored class have much done for them, and little is expected in return; there is little to foster public-mindedness. Politically they are spoiled children. The less favored youth are so preoccupied with the practical demands of the moment and the relaxations of sparse moments of relief, that the state is for them also a remote and pallid entity. Our easygoing disposition, our comfort, our size, our congested towns, the invitations of the passing hour, combine with our individualistic tradition to depress from view the claims of organized society. We are overstimulated in matters of personal success and enjoyment; we have little that teaches subordination to the public good or that secures effective capacity to work coöperatively in its behalf. No two persons would draw up the statement in quite the same terms, but a family likeness would show through any number of different statements.

Enforced military training is urged as a remedy, not with military preparedness as its main end, but as an agency of a socializing education. As in the case of the Americanization of the immigrant, I feel that the arguments for compulsory service are more effective in depicting an evil than in setting forth a remedy. There is a temptation to digress, and ask whether the emotions aroused by the war are not the real cause of idealization of the moral possibilities of military training. For a dominant emotional mood always idealizes irrespective of facts. A heroic mood is a fine mood in which to face the urgencies of imminent action, but the indicative mood is a safer mood in which to think clearly. I have an impression that many persons, stirred to an intensified loyalty, imagine that the spirit which is their voluntary attitude will somehow accrue in others as a result of compulsory training. Surely this is belief in social magic.

It is only grudgingly, then, that I yield to the tendency to pass over details, to neglect as irrelevant to our own case the various evils which have in the past accompanied universal service, and to dwell only upon its socializing possibilities. The argument seems to be born of the feelings rather than of the intelligence. But after all this is not the main point. My recognition of the need of agencies for creating a potent sense of a national ideal and of achieving habits which will make this sense a controlling power in action is not ungrudging. But the primary question is what is the national ideal, and to what kind of universal service does it stand related?

We need a new and more political Emerson to warn us against intellectual and moral imitativeness. Under the guise of a more effective Americanization of the members of our social body, we are called upon to introduce aims and methods profoundly hostile to those habitual endeavors and social relationships which alone will ever constitute us a distinctive nation in any but a territorial sense—which is always an exclusive and timid sense. If our premise is the need for that kind of universal service which will have military preparedness only as a by-product, and whose primary aim is to create devotion to the great society which bore us and which sustains us, and yet our conclusion is borrowing a system of service based upon mutual fear and the necessity of defense, our intelligence is not even hyphenated Americanism. It is unalloyed Europeanism.

We are not deeply attached to our consciously inherited social philosophy; many of us are consciously weaned from it. For the philosophy appears to be a legalistic individualism used to sanction economic inequality and industrial disorganization. Moreover, it is not indigenous; it is borrowed from a foreign tradition. But this is no adequate ground for abandoning it so as hurriedly to snatch at the methods of an opposed tradition which is equally alien to our own strivings. We need a social ideal which is truly national; one which will unify our thoughts and focus our emotions. Our consciously accepted ideal does not effect this. We may in the end well be grateful for the uneasiness and apparent disintegration of the present time if it makes us realize these facts. But only an ideal which is the conscious articulation of forces already unconsciously operating can ever be the object of unforced and intelligent service. To assume that our actual tendencies are as individualistic as is the traditional philosophy animating our legal and

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business codes, and then to seek correction in an ideal which has no connection with the alleged realities of the case, is to admit defeat in advance.

But nobody really believes that the case is quite so desperate. In spite of distress at the revelation of unsuspected divergencies, everybody knows that vital integrative forces are at work. We have the material for a genuinely unified ideal, much as that material requires focusing and articulation. The suggestion of some form of universal service, so far as it is not based upon fear and the cowardliness inhering in every policy of mere defense, is in fact an endeavor to forward its conscious perception. Why not eliminate, then, from the center of attention the borrowed military aspects of the case? Why not ask what form of universal service would connect with our positive capacities and endeavors so as to reinforce and consolidate our other educational instrumentalities? Why assume that universal service is required because these agencies must fail, or why just turn our backs upon our existing educational system in behalf of an added disconnected factor?

The only answer which I have heard to such questions is that beginnings always have to be made under the cover of something with which men's minds are already familiar; that the idea of compulsory military service is a sort of screen behind which may be built up a constructive social discipline. In view of the temper of the American people towards everything military, I doubt the practical wisdom of the policy. The votes in Congress regarding our army give it little support. But the serious objection is that it evinces indisposition to think out the actualities of our social life. The American people seem to be in an unusually self-deprecatory mood at present. But we are directing our scoldings in a way which itself indicates little inclination to face our real deficiency. We are castigating ourselves for lack of courage, of energy, of ability to venture and to do. But these things are our excellences—and our vices by excess. Unwillingness to sit still, to think, restiveness at critical discrimination as wasting time which might be spent in "doing something," desire to lay hold of short cuts to results—these are our weaknesses. Why urge a scheme of universal service which exemplifies rather than remedies these defects? For such any plan does which does not express an imaginative vision of our own actualities, which copies with minor modifications some piece of foreign machinery, which is not anchored in an attempt to organize the social possibilities of our existing system of public education.

There is enough sense of reality in the American nation and there is enough achieved unity of purpose to respond to any plan of universal service which should express its own ideal: the meaning of its existing social practise and aspiration. Such a plan must, however, embody more, not less, sense of reality and unity of social trend than already inchoately exist. Apart from some military emergency, any other plan for universal service will, I am sure, leave the American people in a state of profound and unruffled inertness. If I am asked what is the nature of the plan to which the nation might respond, I can only say that ability to answer the question would signify that one had already penetrated to the depths of our unconscious practical endeavors and perceived their direction. But I am quite sure that such a plan will aim at education rather than training; that it will be directed toward industrial conquest of nature rather than to military conquest of man, and that it will be aggressive and inclusive rather than defensive. I can, for example, imagine the American people arming universally to put an end to war. I cannot imagine them doing it to defend themselves against a possible and remote danger. The American people is more idealistic and more high-spirited than its critics.

JOHN DEWEY.

Ernst Mach

ERNST MACH, whose death is reported with the most recent European news, was a scientists' scientist. Jacques Loeb and Wilhelm Ostwald hailed him as a messiah of scientific thought; William James paid tribute to the "wonderful originality" of his psychological work; Pearson cited his "Mechanics" as the one book that had given him help and encouragement. But to the mass of educated laymen he remained at best a mere name. The unassuming Viennese professor of the history and theory of the inductive sciences was not a popular tribune. He preached no creed, he had no get-rich-quick scheme for grasping the meaning of the universe, and so no catchword would stick to him. Yet his cultural significance is tremendous, and it is this cultural mission alone that requires exposition here.

On the intellectual side, Mach represents the extreme of what James called "tough-mindedness." He abhorred systems, he eliminated the supernatural, he looked askance upon the use of hypotheses, demanding a description rather than an explanation of phenomena. Even the time-honored concept of causality, about which all science is popularly supposed to revolve, fell short of his ideal of logical rigor, and he put in its place the mathematical notion of functional relationship. But the temperamental make-up coupled with this positivistic chastity was marked by a sweet reasonableness, a genial humor. In this respect Mach differed widely from

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the men with whom he fought, shoulder to shoulder, against the intrusion of metaphysics into the natural sciences. He lacked Pearson's pugnacity and Ostwald's cocksureness. His skeptical position recalls Virchow's anti-Darwinianism; but Mach was a hundred times more susceptible to new ideas and was quite without the great pathologist's snarling superciliousness. His spiritual affiliations lay rather with the humorous, free-thinking mystics, with men of the stamp of Fechner and James; and when William James visited him in 1880 it is safe to say that the world held no two men more open-minded, tolerant, and humane.

It is not surprising, then, that Mach's activity again and again reveals the happy synthesis of elements that are usually discordant. A physicist by profession, he had no bigoted contempt for the humanities: the decipherment of the Rosetta stone seemed to him a great scientific achievement. Always and everywhere he attempted to see science in its cultural setting, and for this end he studied history and sociology, and even ethnological monographs. Most characteristic of all and of basic significance for his world-view was his conception of psychology. Mach did not regard this science as a mere appendage to physics nor did he attempt to reduce its data to molecular mechanics. This attitude was no pose or chance exhibition of tolerance, but stood rooted in the very essence of his thinking.

For from the first Mach had developed that evolutionary and "instrumental" theory of human knowledge which has latterly become popular through the efforts of Dewey and James. All knowledge, he argued, was a means to human ends, whether practical or theoretic. It had sprung up at first in response to biological necessity. As part of life's game, man was obliged to adapt himself to the conditions that confronted him and to summarize his experience by rough-and-ready generalizations that would enable him to adjust his conduct to a probable result. Based on a host of immediate needs and interests, these crude formulations could not form an harmonious whole; the primitive "laws" were in mutual conflict. Hence came the necessity of adapting not merely thought to reality but different thoughts to one another, and with this logical demand science proper arose. But the sciences, too, are only provisional attempts at summing up the data of their several domains. Mechanics developed the concepts of mass and motion in grappling with the phenomena of equilibrium and dynamics. This obvious historical fact at once limits the usefulness of these conceptual tools. Mechanics happens to have been the first branch of science that was cultivated intensively and carried to a high degree of exact formulation. But this does not make mechanical facts more real or more fundamental than all others. Electrical, chemical, thermal, even—so far as our experience is concerned—psychological phenomena are inextricably linked with those of equilibrated and moving masses. To determine the manifold interrelations of all these data—all equally real and equally worthy of study—is the goal of science; but it is absurd to represent the whole of the universe by what is not even a distinct part of it but only one aspect of the whole, which the physicist for purposes of his own finds it desirable to isolate. To transplant the notions that prove convenient for this special task into the realm of mind, to thrust mental data into the straitjacket fitted for mechanical fact is futile and mischievous.

By thus rising above the preconceptions of the physicists' guild and applying the touchstone of historical criticism to their traditional stock-in-trade, Mach not only became the spokesman of a new scientific spirit, he also furnished the secure foundation for a positivistic world-view. It was in this regard that previous and contemporary attempts in the same direction had failed. Nothing was easier for the up-to-date conservative than to puncture such a system as Herbert Spencer's. Professor James Ward and others could readily show that it not only far transcended the legitimate bounds of logical inference but that its basic conceptions were vague and self-contradictory: it was metaphysics tricked out in scientific garb. The fault was inherent in the attempt to have an avowedly complete system at all. Ostwald's natural philosophy is better than Spencer's, for it has benefited by Mach's critique of physical concepts, but when it pigeonholes consciousness as a form of energy it cannot withstand hostile scrutiny. Forms of energy, as the physicist uses the word, are measurable and mutually convertible quantities. But the conscious states which the psychologist describes are not measurable in dynes and ergs; and even if they were, their quantitative relations with heat and mechanical energy would have to be determined before the concept of "conscious energy" could attain scientific status. Even this latest integration of the universe by an exact scientist is thus bound to succumb to the enemy, amidst the jubilations of the Bergsons and Brunetières and Chestertons. But Mach's philosophy is impregnable from an intellectual point of view for the simple reason that it merely embodies the quintessence of scientific method itself. As soon as the idea of a closed system is discarded on principle, as soon as the concepts of physics or any other science are recognized as having only a relative value within their respective spheres, criticism is silenced. Such a view, to use Mach's own phrase, is not designed to solve one or seven or nine riddles of the universe.

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It presents a dual task. For one thing, basic concepts must be clarified by tracing their genesis and eliminating elements arbitrarily added to actual experience. Secondly, it becomes necessary to determine the manifold relations to one another of all the observed phenomena in the universe. The few vague metaphysical problems are thus transformed into an indefinite number of definitely formulated problems that can be attacked with the technique of modern science. To some this program may appear emotionally unsatisfactory, but it cannot be criticised as unscientific.

So far Mach's philosophy of science might perhaps be embraced by a follower of Bergson. Indeed, I for one must confess that in the first part of "L'Evolution Créatrice" I could find nothing of value that Mach had not expounded a generation earlier with all the superiority of his specialist knowledge and logical acumen. The fundamental difference lies in the value attached to intellectual processes. For by another synthesis Mach combines a biological, instrumental estimate of knowledge with a decided rationalism. What if science is of only relative validity, an ever incomplete and at first blush superfluous by-product of biological evolution? Apply the pragmatic test, and you will find that it, and it alone, has worked. It has created the conditions for material welfare, and if much still remains to be done we must rely on the tried scientific methods, on applied psychology and sociology, rather than on transcendental beliefs, which Mach regarded as failures.

It is here that Mach also parts company with his much-beloved friend William James. For James, who sympathetically appreciated so much in human nature that remained a sealed book to others, was smitten with a fatal blindness in point of rationalism. He saw the exaggerations and narrowness of the cult, but he had no eye for the wondrous beauty it held for the initiate. How, otherwise, could he have sneered at Clifford as the *enfant terrible* of the movement? But in Mach there glowed the spirit of the French encyclopædists and the great expositors of evolution, purged by his intellectual asceticism and mellowed by a personal tolerance never surpassed, yet all the more puissant in its effects. Above his radical predecessors, he was as decidedly with them. He rejected Laplace's over-estimation of the then newly gained physical knowledge in postulating a mind that might deduce the future course of the universe from data as to the initial velocities and positions of its masses. But this exaggeration in the joy of discovery was to Mach no occasion for cheap gibes at one of the great intellects of mankind: it seemed rather a noble and elevating spectacle at which his heart throbbed in sympathetic accord. So, too, he saw in Haeckel no repulsively tough-minded pugilist of the intellectual arena, but an upright, incorruptible champion of popular enlightenment and the liberty of thought.

Mach saw that Voltaire and Clifford and the rest of the radicals were not possessed by a wanton mania of destructiveness but by a holy passion against cruelty, stupidity, and fanaticism; that they warred against other-worldly optimism because it shrank from grappling with the everyday tasks of humanity. Their negation had a positive side—the stress on social wants and social welfare. And Mach, as one of the most recent and noblest of the rationalists, has an advanced program of social ethics. He pleads for the reform of juridical procedure, for a wider democracy, a more equitable distribution of the blessings of civilization; he summons us to battle against all the medieval heritage of brutality and ignorance. In outlining this practical program as the core of a positivistic ethics he goes beyond the bounds of a purely intellectual leader and becomes the founder of a rejuvenated and genuinely liberal scientific faith.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Poet and Feminist

THE æsthetes of the eighteen-nineties, the self-conscious "Naughty Nineties," used to recommend to young ladies the reading of Wordsworth's poetry for the sake of bringing expression into their somewhat uninteresting countenances; just as, ages before, the poet Bembo had urged the young women of Italy into Latin, a little Latin, in order to add to their charm. To-day, of course, the Wordsworthian is as antiquated as the Renaissance prescription; a modern woman goes straight to life to write up her face for her, to slums and settlements and I. W. W. meetings, after which the most romantic tragedies hardly have power to move her to pity and fear. Nor with the cares of social service to line her brow would she wish to look fair as a Wordsworth's star, or "happy as a wave," or to find a pattern for her manners in the half-hidden violet. If ever literature—nowadays so out of fashion save as some college girl's task—if ever literature shall have another renaissance, the modern young woman will by no means be content with drawing her beauty from the classics; but indeed is planning to write the verses herself.

In the literary future, that is, feminine ardor for composition will not be deceived by the orthodoxy that genius necessarily will out, or damped by not finding the sex greatly distinguished in either verse or prose—from Sappho to Jane Austen, as Andrew Lang once put it. Nowadays any well-read woman knows that the subjection of women to literature has

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been more thoroughgoing than subjection in any other department of life. Not that a sensible feminist grudges all the lovely looks and quick sympathies and superior minds that have gone to make English literature the glory that it is—not Harriet and Mary and Clare and Emilia and Jane to Shelley; or Vanessa to Swift when Stella was left behind in Ireland; or both Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen to Cowper, one to wind wool with him in the morning, the other for his walks in the afternoon; or Anne Hathaway and the competent Susannah, as well as the Dark Lady to the Swan of Avon; or, supremely in the domestic tradition, three wives and three much aggrieved daughters to Milton for an epic like "Paradise Lost." Not even would she gainsay to English verse a thousand and three ladies—the "mille et tre" of Don Giovanni's list. Nobody knows better than a woman of the world that somebody must wind the wool, someone be aggrieved, someone furnish wit and tea, some Dorothy look out for cottages where Wordsworth and Coleridge can "get refreshment and pass the night" while they are "entirely occupied with talking about poetry." The curious feminist merely puts the question—what might not the subjection of man accomplish likewise for the progress of poetry could a woman of talent command, as readily for instance as Wordsworth did his household, the devotion of four superior men? To point the moral in detail, what if such a woman had a brother of equal talents who was quite happy to merge them under his sister's name, at the same time that he made her dinner, fought her smoky chimneys, kept her journal, watched the changes in the seasons for her, soothed her to sleep with reading out verses until two o'clock in the morning after preparing a dormitive of sliced bread and butter, suited his walks to hers whether they were too long or too short, nursed her sons as children, kept house for them as young curates, and withal supplied to her poems the fable, the decoration from nature, and finally the sensibility of the sympathetic critic? Add to such a brother a husband as "nobly planned" as Mrs. Wordsworth, as lively and kindly and efficient in keeping accounts; add a gentle Dora of a son persuaded to defer his marriage year after year for a mother who could not live happy without him; and against old age provide always a Mr. Fenwick to take the place of Miss Isabella in writing out the notes to the poems and providing patriarchal birthday parties on the terrace to which three hundred children brought their own mugs and were treated to oranges and gingerbread and painted eggs and two kinds of music in compliment to the poet. All this is but turning the tables, but reversing the case of the Wordsworths, but offering Dorothy William's opportunities.

This, however, is only half the story. Supposing William quite ready for the subjection of man, is the inexperienced feminist prepared, upon turning tyrant in the house "for art's sake," to lose the prerogative a past of self-sacrifice has made traditionally her own? Despite herself she may well be unwilling in taking on poetical responsibility to give up her saint's legend of unselfishness. Forewarned she may refuse endangering her independence by too much coddling. In the end she may regret her old life of gentle superiority to the poet who cannot write without the inspiration of her presence. Familiar with the pains of bearing her children and giving them up, she knows little of artistic agonies—of such days of alternating hope and despair, such sleepless verse-haunted nights as went to the composition of the "Leech-Gatherer." She can wait twenty years, Griselda-like, for a husband to turn kind, and half as long—was it?—for him to return from Troy, putting off day after day a crowd of suitors by clever, absurd excuses about her weaving. Life and literature both have prepared her for this, but neither has fabled her faithful to the muses, or patient to wait on fame for half a century with superb Wordsworthian self-confidence. She can finish off a murder for a trembling husband and be braver than her lord when a ghost appears at a dinner party—we have it on the best literary authority, who knew as no one else that there is no equal in courage when her instincts are involved; but for that very reason she will have to steel her mother's, sister's, wife's heart against old-fashioned womanly habits of feeling before she achieves Wordsworth's obliviousness to all but poetry within the household. "I cannot but admire the fortitude," wrote Dorothy Wordsworth of her brother, "and wonder at the success with which he has labored in the one room common to all the family to see visitors, and where the children frequently play about him."

Dorothy Wordsworth probably realized that in devoting William to poetry and herself to "household good" she had given him the part of more supreme effort. But from her first girlish reading of Beattie's "Minstrel" she imagined her favorite brother as the poet Edward of the piece and took for herself the part of imposing his vocation upon him with the fixed purpose of the determinedly helpful woman. "Full of talent" though she was, she never dreamed, apparently, of herself writing his verses and disobeying the world-old presumption that poetic genius belongs by a trick of nature's own to man, not woman.

By to-day, however, a serpent has whispered in the feminist's ear the wisdom that poetic creation has ever been a matter not of sex but of circumstance. Poetry has been produced not by men at large, not by the sex, so to speak, but almost exclu-

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sively by men of the so-called middle classes, the conditions and ambitions of whose lives have pressed them to put to use the talents that other men and that women as a sex have not been forced or permitted to exercise. So far as the distinction of sex goes, even fewer lords than ladies, in the old phrase, have found their way into English literature, and these chiefly in Tudor times when gentlemen were expected to make lyrics—the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Sir Philip Sidney, who by the way, like Wordsworth, had a notable sister "to warn, to comfort, and command" him. Following them there is only an occasional aristocrat who lives, as a woman might, by a song or two in the anthologies, to be found among the poets all the way down to Lord Byron. And Byron is the exception that proves the rule: an aristocrat of the time of the Georges when a gentleman was by no means expected to write lyrics, much less long poems, and himself always ashamed to be known as a man of letters rather than man of the world. He is the only English instance of a man defying the prejudices and conventions of his age and class to turn poet by the sheer triumphant force which, it is always argued, creative genius would have shown amongst women had the sex as such, and not merely Sappho and Jane Austen, been endowed for literature.

There seems to be no ground for assuming that Dorothy Wordsworth's talents were not so good as her brother's and that in a democratic age which gives women their rights in poetry, they will not start up Parnassus equally equipped by nature with the whole troop of bards: lords, vagabonds—for the Fourth Estate must come now into its rights along with women—and the respectable males of the middle classes who have so long had the big mountain to themselves.

Whether the feminist can reach the top remains, of course, for her to prove—whether she has poetical patience and not merely human, and the will to work for the impersonal ends of art as well as for "household good." The conclusion the argument points is that, even supposing she does her whole part, she cannot produce as great poems as men have done without help in such sort from them as they have had from women. Good poetry, when all is said, comes extremely dear. But, feminism apart, the lover of literature anxious and curious for its future hopes that men will return to women service for dutiful service, inspiration for ages of inspiration, indeed will impose their poet's vocation upon them as determinedly as Dorothy ever did upon William Wordsworth. In that event who can prophesy what new combinations and imaginations in poetry might not be found in—say, counting on the Homeric scale by which men's work has been measured—the next three thousand years?

LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY.

Britain's Prosperity

THE most conspicuous effect of the war is the economic prosperity it has brought to Great Britain. Artificial it may be called, but it is quite real to those who are experiencing it. At first it blossomed forth in "munition areas" or in other localities richly fed by war contracts. But now it has spread through the whole country. Everywhere, not only in the great industrial north and midlands, but in London and the rural south, active industry and commerce, conducted on a high level of prices, are putting good money into the purses of the employers and wage-earners alike and making everybody realize that "war is good for trade." Nor is it the simple illusion of a higher monetary designation for all goods and services. In almost all our towns and villages there is abundant evidence that retail shops, serving the material wants of the great purchasing public, are flourishing as never before. The direct cause of this prosperity is, no doubt, the enormous and ever-growing public expenditure for the requirements of our fighting services, rivers of money which, rising in the trades supplying war requisites, flow into every remote channel of our national industries. The engineering, woolen, leather, farming, mining, shipping, banking industries are earning fabulous war profits, and wages in most of them have risen to unprecedented heights. But scores of subsidiary trades are doing almost as well. There can be no doubt that, in spite of the removal of at least one-third of the effective male population from the arts of production to those of destruction, the aggregate money income of the natives is much larger than before the war, and the aggregate real income—even if munitions and other war requisites are deducted—has suffered comparatively little decline. I believe that the average family to-day has a larger command of material wealth and is consuming more than ever before.

In order to understand how this is possible we must bear in mind two or three important facts. In the first place, a large proportion, probably one-third, of the men drafted into the army represent no deduction from the process of material industry.

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They have been taken from the leisured, the student, the professional and other classes not engaged in material production. Wholesale and retail commerce has furnished a very large contingent. To these must be added large reductions in the transport trades, some of which are dangerously depleted of labor. In other words, the part of our real income consisting in professional and commercial services has been largely reduced. In the second place, it must be remembered that out of most families one or two adult males who are the largest consumers of material wealth have been removed from the ordinary economic system, so that even where some considerable reduction in the real income of the family has occurred, the other members may still be better off than before. Thirdly, a large amount of war expenditure takes shape in allowances, pensions and billeting money, which means that quantities of goods, figuring primarily as war goods, are really handed over for consumption by the civil population.

But these considerations do not explain what is the most perplexing phenomenon, the actual abundance of material wealth that appears to be produced and consumed by our civil population. For though a good deal of economy has actually taken place among certain sections of our well-to-do classes, those living on fixed incomes from rents and investments and the professions, the higher spending of the prosperous employers and the working classes has fully compensated for this. I am disposed to the opinion that now towards the end of the second year of war the material consumption per head of population is larger than before the war. The problem is, how is the supply of goods procured? It appears at first sight impossible that the withdrawal of so many men for the fighting and munition services should enable our population to get hold of so much real wealth as they are consuming. There are, however, two considerations which help towards a solution of the problem. First, the large increase in foods and other materials coming in as imports. Part of the increase is the payment of the enormously enhanced shipping rates. More represents the price of securities marketed in the United States or credit raised in that country. While a large share of this food and materials is doubtless transformed into war requisites, a great quantity is also available for supplementing the supplies for civil consumption. Secondly, our whole economic system is keyed up to a higher measure of productiveness than ever before. Our manufacturing machinery and other plants are operated with far greater continuity and intensity. There is no unemployed capital or labor. By a fuller use of shifts, overtime, the suspension of trade-union rules and usages restricting output, the drafting of great numbers of women into industry and of previously unskilled male labor into skilled jobs, the speeding-up of machinery, and last, not least, the economic and moral stimulus of high pay and a consciousness of the national emergency, an immensely enhanced output is got out of the mechanical and human instruments of production. One of the great revelations of wartime is the immense amount of slack or waste energy in the ordinary working of our industrial system. It has all been taken up, and more. I mean that the new intensity if maintained for long will certainly involve a most injurious wear and tear to the material plant and the health and physique of the workers. But for the time being this extra strain helps to maintain the current output and to explain the material prosperity of the people.

Another point of great significance is the temporary shift of the distribution of wealth in favor of the wage earners. Although in some large industries such as shipping, mining, and engineering immense war profits pass to capitalists, taking the country as a whole, wages have gained both absolutely and relatively. For the war has acted primarily to deplete every labor market of its normal surplus of unemployed and to give a scarcity value to every form of useful skill. Moreover, the needs of the times have enabled masses of unskilled men and untrained women rapidly to qualify for skilled jobs from which hitherto they were rigorously excluded, and to claim the pay belonging to this higher status. Hence it comes to pass that, apart from the " fancy " prices paid to skilled male labor in munitions factories and shipyards, large numbers of women who formerly thought themselves well paid by 15s. a week are now able to take home £2 or more.

While, therefore, the general level of retail prices has risen by nearly 40 per cent and food prices by at least 50 per cent, the great body of industrial workers find themselves in a position to raise considerably their standard of consumption, and they are doing so. No larger proportion of the increased wages goes in drink, though in some cases there are loud complaints about the increase of women's drinking. For the restrictions of the Liquor Board have nipped in the bud this normal tendency of rapid rises in wages. The working-class families are spending their new " fortunes " partly in genuine improvements of their standard of living, more meat, better clothes and furniture, partly in luxuries and recreations. Furs, pianos, gramophones, watches, and cheap jewelry are among the most thriving trades, and the " pictures " are taking full toll of working-class prosperity.

In spite of appeals from pulpits, platforms, and press there has been little disposition to save. Politicians, economists, and philanthropists devise various little schemes for tempting the workers to buy war-loan or to subscribe to exchequer bonds. The

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Post Office, the employers, the trade union and club and other institutions are pressed into the service. But all in vain. The comfortable magnates who met a fortnight ago at the Guildhall to preach the patriotic duty and the national necessity of thrift, completely fail to understand that they are praying for a moral miracle. Thrift and saving, except for a few near and painful emergencies, such as sickness, death, and accident, are unintelligible processes for the mass of our workers, who are always alive to the pressure of strong material needs that stand unsatisfied by reason of the lack of purchasing power. Now that prosperity of war has suddenly endowed them with the power to satisfy their needs, they do so. How should they not? Is it likely they should pay heed to comfortable men and women who tell them that their country calls on them to sacrifice their present satisfaction in favor of some distant bigger satisfactions they may never live to enjoy? They are working hard and intend to get present enjoyment for their higher earnings. The elaborate network of middle-class committees with their proposed house-to-house canvass in the cause of thrift will prove a dismal failure.

But meantime the war costs rise. Another million and a quarter men are to be taken from industry to be converted into expensive consumers. How can this increased cost be met? There are only two practical methods, both doubtful of achievement. Production must be still further increased by bringing into fuller use the only reserve force of labor that remains, the millions of women at present occupied or unoccupied within the home. At present only a few hundred thousand of these women have been recruited for industry, hospital work, and other war services. How many more are available without endangering home and child life, is a matter for immediate experiment. For the calling up of men under the new Army Service act will operate disastrously in many important industries, agriculture among them, unless it is found possible to draw largely upon the reserve of women's labor. The voluntary recruiting had virtually taken up all the "slack" in our industries. The compulsory new drafts are straining many of them towards the breaking point. Can a great rally of the industrial powers of women save the situation?

The other method of meeting the emergency, contributory not substitutional, is a really drastic curtailment of consumption. This cannot be achieved by voluntary appeals. For, though loans on highly favored terms may draw into the state coffers large accumulations of war profits, and may stimulate economy in the classes used to saving, they cannot provide the enormous sums required by a state now spending five millions pounds a day, or two thousand millions a year, counting the enlarged costs of the still growing prices. Taxation of a far more drastic nature than the Chancellor has yet consented to confront will be necessary, if the trades supplying luxuries and comforts for current use are to be shorn of this labor, and the general consumption to be cut down to the required dimensions. This grave financial problem now holds the government within its grip, and the policy of evasion and postponement hitherto practised will be no longer practicable. The government can perhaps just afford to meet the war bill, provided that it compels all classes of the nation to live the simple life.

J. A. Hobson.

London.

Henry and Edna

(*Continued from the issue of May 1st, 1915.*)

FROM the terrace below, where Audrey Henry, aged seven, was playing with Cyril Packard Henry, aged five, came a noise of protest, followed by silence.

Henry W. Henry laid his paper on the breakfast table and looked at his watch. "Almost six minutes past nine," he said, speaking in a perfectly just voice. "This is the third successive morning that Miss Rankin has been late in beginning the children's lessons."

Edna, after giving her husband one of those culpably indifferent smiles which proved that she had not been paying attention, went on with her letters. Henry noticed that she had spilled minute portions of soft-boiled egg on its shell. He frowned slightly.

"This must be meant for you," said Edna, stretching her arm far across the table to give him a letter. Although it was an appeal from one of his favorite charities, the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home, whose directors invited him, in view of this and in view of that, to increase his generous annual subscription, Henry gave the invitation only part of his mind. Something he had read in his paper troubled him. He looked speculatively at Edna. What was the most delicate method of introducing such a delicate subject to the purest of women?

"My dear," he said at last, "when you have finished the perusal of your mail be so good as to read with attention the passage I have marked, thus." While speaking he got up, walked round the table and spread the paper flat beside Edna's plate. Through eight years of married life he had tried in this way to communicate to Edna his dislike of reaching and stretching.

Not until Edna had read her last letter, and had spilled a little more egg, on her plate this time, did she turn to the passage her husband had marked. It narrated a distressing incident. At a public meet-

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ing in New York, attended largely by women in humble circumstances, resolutions had been adopted in favor of repealing all laws which restrained persons who knew how to limit the number of their offspring from spreading their knowledge. Nor was this the gravest aspect of the affair. Not content with urging the repeal of these laws, a performance which in itself admitted that such laws were in existence, one of the women speakers had gone to a few among the audience, whispering to women of the poorer sort precisely what the law forbade them to learn.

"Well?" asked Henry W. Henry.

But Edna, without any pretense of transition, had turned again to her letters: "By the way, Henry, the Wilburs *can* come to us the first week in July. Milly writes that it's the only week they are free. So I'm afraid we shall have to put off your sister till the end of August. Do you mind?"

Henry could not very well object. He knew exactly how large the house was, and why. Eight years ago, when making plans which gave a room to each of two future children, he had perhaps had the surprising number of his relatives in mind when he directed his architect to put in only one guest room. Even if he had felt disposed to object Henry would not have chosen the present moment for so doing. A more serious subject engrossed him.

"My dear," he began again, "I fear that last night's events in New York have not made upon you the impression I had looked for. I regard this woman's conduct as ominous. One moment! Permit me to finish, if you don't mind. Incidents of this kind are becoming more and more frequent. If something is not done in protest we shall before long find, forsooth, that the size of families has become a matter almost determinable by the will of the parents. Now, I am not speaking lightly. What I am about to suggest is the result of thought. It is not the result of anything but thought. I have given this matter a constantly increasing attention for months. I think we should take a stand. To do so is, as I conceive it, our duty."

Edna gave Henry W. Henry a look which might have disconcerted a man less conscious of rectitude.

"*We* take a stand?" she said. "Audrey is seven, Cyril five. How can we?"

Henry's face went a little pale. "It had not occurred to me, I own, that you would look at this question from a personal standpoint, although I am not unaware that your sex has from time to time been accused of preferring the personal approach to social problems. Let us leave you and me out of it, I beg you. My idea is to discontinue my subscription to sundry other good works, including the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home, and to send a check to the association which is fighting the repeal of these wholesome laws. I shall be glad of your permission to send that check in the names of Mr. *and Mrs.* Henry W. Henry."

Edna was near the window, watching a gleam of river at the valley bottom. "Audrey seven, Cyril five," she repeated, and added, in a gentle tone: "Wouldn't that check be the least little mite hypocritical?"

There was irritation in Henry's answer. "My dear, the information which you and I, since you compel me to think of ourselves, know how to make a moral use of, will, if widely disseminated, encourage not only childless marriages, which are seldom happy, but also irregular and I fear temporary unions. My knowledge brings with it no temptation to unfaithfulness. Are you tempted because of your knowledge that sin may be committed with impunity? My tongue stumbles at such a question. But we must not think only of ourselves. Other persons, less fortunate in their early education than we, will, if these laws are repealed, rush headlong into all sorts of illicit relations. This world will not punish their sin, which in fact will, it is but too probable, be known only to God. The relation between man and woman is one as to which God has said 'Are you willing to pay the price, which is children?' That is the test."

"But not for us, apparently," said Edna. Henry did not seem to hear her. "I feel so strongly on this point," he went on, "that I would rather forever forego the advantage of my knowledge than have it get into the wrong hands by being spread broadcast."

Edna put a hand on his shoulder. "Henry," she said, "I do not want any more children. We have money enough, I know, but have we time? Could I see as much of Audrey and Cyril as I do now if we had had a child every two years? I don't think so."

Henry, flushed now and breathing hard, did not waver: "There are other ways of living up to our principles than by having children."

Edna's answer was a stare of innocent inquiry. When she understood she kissed the top of Henry W. Henry's head. "Don't be silly." She spoke lightly. "I'm off to the school room."

"Wait!" Henry's voice was loud and stern. "I am intensely in earnest. Rather than not take the stand I propose to take I would set an example to all mankind by living a life of—of——"

"By living as we did before we were married?" Edna had these lapses into crudity. Henry had noticed them before. "Besides," she continued, "what in the world do you mean by an example to mankind? Suppose you do carry out your program? How is anybody going to know that we aren't still living exactly as we have lived since Cyril was born? You wouldn't *tell* people, would you?"

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She was gone, and Henry W. Henry, in the silence which fell upon him, remembered with annoyance that before marriage Edna had never betrayed her tendency to argue.

Nevertheless, there was a certain awkward force in what she had said about example. If no one except God knew of the Henry W. Henrys' self-control how could they be described as setting an example to any one else? Might it not be better to show the world one family, at least, that could afford to let Nature send as many little ones as she chose? The words "could afford to" grated unpleasantly on Henry's inward ear. He had not meant to use them.

Henry reread the appeal from the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home. Then he went to his library, taking his letters with him. In leaving the library door a little ajar he had of course a purpose. One rule of the household was that Audrey and Cyril, if the library door were not shut, might always interrupt Papa for the purpose of asking a sensible question. It was in the spirit of this rule that Henry, although he had in general no liking for texts on walls, had caused one framed text to be hung above the library fireplace.

As the familiar words now caught Henry's eye they suddenly acquired a new meaning. How strange that this meaning should hitherto have escaped him! How could he have failed to see in them a divine command?

"That settles it," said Henry. After all, no act can be an example unless it be publicly known. He really had no choice.

Sitting down at his desk he wrote, in a spirit of obedience and self-renunciation, first a letter to the Friendless Foundlings' Friendly Country Home, saying that unexpected expenses constrained him to withhold the contribution he had so much enjoyed making in happier years; and secondly, a letter to his architect in New York, asking for an estimate of the cost of making a small addition to the country house of the Henry W. Henrys.

Q. K.

(To be continued in some future issue.)

A COMMUNICATION

Sacrificed to Suffrage

SIR: Vital issues are before the American people at the present moment: preparedness, peace, international relations, tariff, prohibition, Mexico; but none of them are under discussion by the suffragists. The women in the organized suffrage movement are as mute on current topics as if they lived on another planet or in another period. Their silence is sometimes attributed to indifference or to absorption in the winning of the franchise, but actually it is due to a policy by which suffragists must sacrifice to the suffrage movement the very thing for which they are fighting, the right of the individual to an expression of opinion. Strange as the situation may seem, suffragists know that the moment they voice individual political opinions or participate in radical social reforms their value as members of suffrage organizations ceases.

It does not make much difference whether a suffragist belong to the National American Woman Suffrage Association or to the Congressional Union, for in either group her own political opinion must be held in abeyance. The National pledges itself to a strict non-partisanship, seeking support from all parties, giving friendship to none. Just now, for instance, it is working for a suffrage plank in the platform of all the national parties, but no one knows which party the majority of women prefer, or whether Wilson, Hughes, Roosevelt, Root, Bryan or Benson is the candidate most favored.

In the Congressional Union an even greater sacrifice of the individual is required, for this organization uses partisanship as its weapon but prescribes the kind of partisanship of its members. Women voters who join the Union pledge their support to woman suffrage irrespective of the interests of any national party. Next fall, members of the Union will work against and refuse to vote for the candidate of whichever party the organization is opposing, regardless of their own political convictions.

Suffragists have been asked to come out for national defense or against preparedness, but suffrage organizations have taken no official position and the majority of suffragists have expressed no opinion. A few well known women have identified themselves with pacifist or preparedness groups, but the rank and file of suffragists have remained loyal to the sphinx policy. They know that if they advocate peace, the voters who want war or militant preparedness will oppose the whole movement as made of mollycoddles; they know that if they advocate national defense, pacifists will withold the vote because women would at once plunge the nation into war.

In this respect the anti-suffragists have an advantage. Since they are asking for nothing, they have nothing to lose. The National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has just officially endorsed national defense, but the fact that a group of ladies urge preparation for war from the sheltered precincts of home does not harm their cause. The principle of indirect influence is so nebulous that politicians and voters have nothing to fear.

With regard to prohibition the situation of the suffragist is even more complicated, since the wet and dry issue has become entangled with the suffrage question in some states. The fact that brewers and liquor dealers have aligned themselves as anti-suffragists has made it difficult for the suffragists to keep to a middle path which neither endorses prohibition nor misses the chance to show what the real opposition to woman suffrage is like. Moreover, it is dif-

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ficult for those suffragists who desire prohibition with almost religious fervor to realize that the success of the whole movement depends upon avoiding alliance with other reforms.

A recent article in THE NEW REPUBLIC points out that suffragists are losing the support of organized labor in some states because of the implication by liquor interests that woman suffrage means prohibition and prohibition means unemployment. Officially, the American Federation of Labor has endorsed suffrage, and there is usually a big labor vote for suffrage in the state referenda, but possibly the allegiance of labor is weakened by knowledge that if the Federation faced a crisis, suffragists would take no stand in its support. While some suffragists have participated in strikes of working women, the majority of suffragists are agreed that active participation in the labor movement should be deferred until women are enfranchised.

The Socialist party was one of the first to endorse woman suffrage and socialists have always been friendly to the movement, yet women are a hindrance rather than a help to the suffrage cause if they disclose a tendency to socialism. A few years ago, when the Progressive party had a suffrage plank in its platform, an officer of the National Woman Suffrage Association was severely censured by her associates for taking part in the Progressive campaign. Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, Socialists or Progressives, women are lost to the political parties until the vote is won.

The most paradoxical situation in the suffrage movement, however, is the taboo on feminism. In Europe the whole woman movement centers on social problems as they affect women: marriage, divorce, economic independence, the rights of women with regard to children—legitimate and illegitimate. All the subjects which American suffragists do not discuss constitute the major part of the European movement, with suffrage as a minor issue. Here, the political aspect of the movement is the only one which has an appeal sufficiently extensive to merit organization. American women classify themselves as suffragists and feminists, and, curiously enough, the feminist is regarded as a liability to the suffrage movement.

This separation of suffragism and feminism is due partly to the desire of suffragists to avoid alliance with other reforms, but chiefly to the type of campaign waged by the organized anti-suffragists since the beginning of the struggle. The great aim of the academic antis—to distinguish them from the brewers, bosses and vested interests—is to prove that suffragists are not suffragists at all. Their contention is that suffragists are feminists who wish the vote in order to effect a complete upheaval of society. The majority of antis do not discuss problems of franchise, democracy versus aristocracy, and other political topics involved in the issue; most of them devote their energy to circulating the views of suffragists on everything except suffrage.

In justice to the anti-suffragists it should be understood that most of them believe absolutely that everything that is, is right, and that any change, however slight, in the present social order would be dire calamity. The trouble is that they overestimate the radicalism of suffragists. The majority of women in the suffrage ranks believe in marriage, the family, husbands and children according to the present arrangement of society. Their "advanced" ideas are chiefly the application of the principle that in a democracy women should participate in government. To link the suffrage movement with all forward radical tendencies is to give suffragists credit for far greater emancipation than they deserve.

Nevertheless, suffragists do have opinions on social questions as they affect women. Some believe in divorce, some will not part with their own names after marriage, some regard economic independence as a corollary of the whole woman movement, some favor birth control, and a great many are concerned with the legal and professional status of women. But whatever their opinions, if they wish to serve the suffrage movement, they will not express them publicly or participate in so-called feminist activities.

For whatever a suffragist says about sex or social relationships is seized by the antis and spread broadcast, involving the whole movement with the view of one person. In New York recently, the national anti-suffrage association has waged a bitter campaign against an officer of the state Woman Suffrage party because she among others endorsed a radical socialist magazine which during the campaign gave considerable space to suffrage propaganda. It happened that the magazine had published a ballad to which many people objected, among them certain newsdealers who refused to carry it on their stands. After declaring the poem sacrilegious and unfit for publication by reputable magazines, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage had a thousand reprints made. Some of these were found on the desks of the legislators in Albany with a request that they refuse another state referendum because a suffragist had "endorsed" the magazine which originally published the objectionable poem.

The literature of the anti-suffragists reads like old wives' tales. A press bulletin marked "Extra" contained the following news, naming the suffragists concerned:

> Five suffragists have spoken favorably of a magazine said to be a "purveyor of feminism."
>
> A suffragist, suing for divorce, asks the Court for the right to resume her own name. Aside from this offense she is active in an anti-preparedness campaign and is "the offspring of a male and female clergyman."
>
> A New York minister who advocates suffrage says that women and labor will bring peace, but a Socialist disagrees with him.
>
> A professor in a woman's college who is a suffragist is known to be a Socialist.
>
> A suffragist admits that she proposed to her husband.
>
> A suffragist who is seeking a divorce has gone to California, which shows what kind of women are likely to register as women voters.
>
> A suffragist has gone to Kansas to live in order to vote for the next President. This is rough on Kansas.

While no one can regard this type of campaigning as effective, it has the immediate result of putting suffragists on guard lest an endorsement of some radical measure or a chance remark on some aspect of feminism involve their organizations. If suffragists uphold divorce the antis, who

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never by any chance are unhappily mated, declare that suffrage will break up the home; if suffragists uphold economic independence it is a slight on marriage; mention of birth control means that the family will be destroyed. Should a suffragist cut her hair short she is seeking to become like man, and man is man and woman is woman, you know; should she wear reform dress she is unwomanly. (It was the antis who had a Fashion Parade.) Anthony Comstock has gone, but his position as the great censor of morals and opinions has been accepted by the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

To be silent, then, on the great political and social issues of the day is the price of membership in the suffrage ranks, a price which older suffragists pay grimly but without complaint, a price which makes younger suffragists rebel until experience teaches them. Whether the vote is worth the price that suffragists are paying for it, no one can tell, but those women who stay in the organized suffrage movement believe that to sacrifice their freedom now is worth the larger freedom to come.

X. Y. Z.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Relevance of Conscription

SIR: I hesitate to encroach on your space again to deal with Professor Perry's advocacy of conscription, but the matter is just now of national importance, and may become soon a very practical issue.

If conscription is urged on the grounds of dire military necessity, as the alternative to national extinction or the shirking of plain obligations, I have personally not a word to say. If the case of military need is manifest, adopt conscription, knowing it to be a real danger to freedom, but a danger faced with open eyes as the alternative to still greater dangers. It is necessary to say, however, that that question is often begged by the assumption that a state is always in dire military need and that it is always a wise policy to attain maximum military strength at whatever social and political cost.

But as a matter of fact conscription is advocated, not on the ground of military need so much as on that of its educational and moral superiority to the voluntary system: as a means of assimilating the alien, of attaining general national integration, of correcting our materialism, spiritualising our democracy, democratising our plutocracy, of heaven knows what.

Professor Perry sanctions this plea at least to the extent of arguing that those qualities, so inimical to freedom and democracy, which for want of a better term we may call Prussianism, are not inherent in conscription. He implies that if the English had adopted conscription it would not have checked the development of English freedom or hampered English democracy in its fight against imperialist and anti-democratic forces. I suggest on the contrary that if during the last few generations England had had conscription the operations of that system would have resulted inevitably in checking the liberal tendencies of English political development and strengthening the reactionary and imperialist, by limiting freedom both of discussion and institution and by curtailing popular right; and would have made English political influence in the world very much less beneficent than happily it is.

I will hint at the grounds of that belief, and illustrate what I urged in a previous communication, by recalling the outstanding facts of a certain recent incident of English history: the Boer war and its sequel.

That incident illustrates, I think, two opposing forces in English political development—in the development of western democracy, indeed: the forces which brought on the war and the opposing forces which dominated the post-bellum settlement. Because, of course, the final settlement which has given us a loyal and united South Africa was the work of pro-Boers who bitterly fought the policy that precipitated the war and who in large degree reverted its object. But so complete a victory of liberal forces would have been impossible if conscription had obtained in England. That system would have strengthened incalculably those reactionary forces which played so large a part in the war itself. Let us see why.

Although the Boer war is not a page of history upon which Englishmen like to dwell I imagine there are very few who would seriously challenge the view that there entered into its motives very ugly elements of capitalist exploitation, a Prussianisation of English temper shown in a crude desire of domination, excuse or justification of things like the Jameson Raid, a refusal to see an "enemy" point of view, a systematic vilification of the Boer character, and finally, in the conduct of the war itself, methods which the Englishman who after the war became the British Prime Minister, declared curtly to be "methods of barbarism"—farm burning, concentration camps, etc.

Now, not merely had this lapse into Prussianism ranged the opinion of most of the civilized world against England—certainly as much as it was against France in the Dreyfus case—but what is much more to my point, most English Liberals fought the whole policy and tendency of the war. The pro-Boer agitation (in which Mr. Lloyd George was perhaps the most rabid and violent figure) did not, it is true, stop the war, though it shortened it; but it produced a reaction against the Prussian temper so great that the pro-Boers, electorally triumphant after the war, virtually restored to the Boer Republics their independence under the guise of responsible colonial government; and to the bitter anger of English junkerdom allowed the Boer element to become once more politically dominant throughout South Africa; so that within a year or two of the close of the war the virtual ruler of South Africa was the man who had led the Boer forces in the field against British arms.

But that conversion of the British people, and their revolt against their own government, would have been impossible under conscription.

The war, which lasted nearly three years, called from first to last for nearly half a million men, drawn not only from the regular army, but from militia and irregular forces. Presumably those who offered their services for the war did not share the views of the pro-Boer party of the day. So that the situation I have previously described of the Prussian conscript who is shot for refusing to kill Belgians for the offense of defending their country (a situation which Professor Perry is so sure has no bearing on the problem of

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compulsory military service that he thinks it absurd to introduce it) did not arise.

But what would have been the position of English soldiers under conscription? That system would of course take no account of political opinion. While the pro-Boer might be taken to the front, the pro-Chamberlainite might have been left at home. Young Liberals and non-conformists were reading in their *Daily News* or *Nation* or Manchester *Guardian* or in the books or articles of the Chestertons, or James Bryces, or Hobhouses, or Herbert Spencers, or William Watsons or Steads; or hearing in speeches by the Lloyd Georges, or Morleys or Burns's, or by labor leaders, Hardies or Macdonalds, or by pastors and even bishops (several of them) that the war was a monstrous wickedness, tainted at its source, carried on by methods of barbarism. Inflamed by all this these young men would, under conscription, have been sent to the veldt to kill Boers, burn Boer farm houses and drive Boer women and children into concentration camps.

Would they, in such conditions, have done those things? I can answer personally for at least some: they would have flatly refused. We now know—the 1905 election taught us that—that pro-Boerism had gone much deeper than was generally supposed. The refusal would not have been isolated and sporadic, for though pro-Boerism presented what was at the time a minority, it was a passionate and convinced minority. And that minority—the editors, writers, bishops, professors—would certainly, some of them, have supported that mutiny and encouraged it.

What would Professor Perry have had the conscription authorities do? Shoot the young conscripts and let the forces—the pro-Boer agitation—really responsible for their mutiny continue unchecked? Let the conscript choose whether he should go to war or not? Then that is the end of conscription in England. And would the military authorities accept surrender to sedition in war times?

There was only one thing, under conscription, to have done: suppress the pro-Boer agitation. For conscription to have worked at all in the Boer war would have meant a very thoroughgoing censorship of newspaper opinion, suppression of public meetings, control of university professors and religious teachers, and the suppression of the speaking and writing of the men who have since ruled England and guided her policy.

It would have suited the government of the day, of course; notably Mr. Chamberlain. He would not have needed to answer Lloyd George or the other very violent pro-Boers. He would have sent them to jail. Incidentally, such a step would have been very popular just at the time.

But such a course would have altered not only the subsequent history of the South African settlement, but of all English politics. The discredit which fell upon the authors of the Boer war and finally swept them from office and so completely checked the Prussian temper and tendencies, was due largely to the educating influence of the pro-Boer agitation. The movement which accounted for the landslide of the 1905 election was largely a moral movement, a realization of the true character of Chamberlainite and Milnerite politics, due largely to just that agitation during the war which conscription must have suppressed. The system could not have worked if it had tolerated it.

If to-day Germans were free from conscription there might be some hope of a political heresy, corresponding to that which arose in England during the Boer war, raising its head; some hope of the assertion of the right to criticise the policy of war; to take, if need be, the enemy view. Such a heresy might save Europe, civilization. But, again, it is incompatible with conscription. Any system which menaces, even in small degree, the right to criticise the state's action, a right which alone can enable a people to keep their vision clear and save it from the moral fate of Prussia, should not be lightly adopted.

NORMAN ANGELL.

New York City.

No American Citizens

SIR: Has it ever occurred to you that there is no such thing as an American citizen? Whatever rights I have come to me from my having been for a certain length of time a citizen of one of the states. Should I move from Connecticut to Missouri I must live there a year before I can vote for President of the United States, and when I move from Missouri to Kansas I am again deprived of the national franchise, this time for a period of six months. I think it is fitting that I should be required to live in a state a certain length of time to familiarize myself with local conditions before I vote on local officials, but certainly my transfer from one state to another does not diminish my knowledge of national affairs. A certificate of transfer of residence from one state to another ought to make it possible for me to cast a presidential ballot without delay. A federal amendment ought to redress this wrong, and at the same time abolish the worn-out system of presidential electors.

A great deal is being said nowadays about schools of citizenship for newly naturalized citizens. If such a thing is good after they have been naturalized, why not before? It seems to me that it would be highly desirable, upon the declaration of intentions on the part of an alien, to enroll him in courses in the English language, American history, civics and common law, and require a certificate of a certain proficiency in these subjects as the first of his naturalization papers. Such a course would largely do away with the menace of the illiterate voter and reduce the demand for further restrictions on immigration.

FREDERICK A. G. COWPER.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Defect in Tax Article

SIR: Professor Seligman's very illuminating article in your issue of March 25th, "A National Inheritance Tax," is interesting, but there are certain conspicuous defects in his argument. A tax upon inheritances takes capital, instead of income. Hitherto the states have used the proceeds of inheritance taxes for current expenditures, but this does not justify the procedure. The expenditures of the states for permanent improvements vary from $150,000,000 to $250,000,000 a year. It will be a long time before inheritance rates can be raised to yield more than this maximum sum. It would obviously be better for the federal government to collect inheritance taxes and to distribute to the localities. There is no need whatever for the federal government to take inheritance taxes for national purposes.

Professor Seligman says, "Many think of indirect taxation as being virtually taxation upon the consumption of the poor. That this has been in large measure true in the past is undoubted; but that it is necessarily true is incorrect." It would be difficult to know by what line of rea-

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soning Professor Seligman arrives at this conviction, also why he favors indirect taxes. In his book on the "Income Tax," published in 1904, he makes exactly the reverse statement:

> "A tax on expenditures necessarily becomes an increasingly heavy burden on the least wealthy classes."
>
> "Instead of reckoning our internal revenue by the few hundreds of millions, we could without great difficulty, reckon it almost by the thousands of millions."

Why Professor Seligman should favor taxes which nearly all economists oppose, is similarly an interesting question. Professor Carver says:

> "As permanent taxes should be levied in such a way as to avoid as much as possible the shifting of the burden, it follows that they should be levied mainly upon land, incomes and inheritances."

If states and localities raise most of their revenue, as they properly should, by taxes on land and inheritances, most of the cost of federal government can be easily secured by an individual income tax, even though it might be necessary and appropriate, temporarily at least, if taxes on consumption are abolished, to reduce the exemption for a federal income tax to $2,000. Indirect taxation is always the most costly sort, and we must use the medium of taxation to redistribute the national income which is concentrated because of long existence and well entrenched privilege.

BENJAMIN MARSH.

New York City.

For Federal Inheritance Tax

SIR: Professor Seligman's interesting paper on "A National Inheritance Tax" in your issue of March 25th I am sure will have wide appreciation, especially from those who have in charge estates of decedents which by reason of their investments are liable under the present system not only to double but in some cases to triple taxation.

The proposal advanced should also receive the support of taxpayers generally for another reason not adverted to in the article: the saving of a large part of the cost now borne by each taxing state in the collection of separate taxes necessitated by the maintenance of expensive bureaus and counsel. For instance, the expense of collecting the inheritance tax in this state, a large percentage of which is paid voluntarily, amounted to about $674,000.00 according to the statement of the New York State Comptroller for the fiscal year ending September 30th, 1915, appearing at pages 138 and 139 of the Annual Report of the Comptroller dated January 5th, 1916.

JOSEPH F. MCCLOY.

New York City.

"Justice" in the United States

SIR: Mr. Hackett's excellent criticism of "Justice" at the Candler Theatre fails to point out the essential quality in which Galsworthy's play fails. The only excuse for the unpleasantness, horrors and sufferings of the convict Falder during his prison life would be the truth of the whole situation. If anyone enjoys seeing a man go mad, under green light, in a prison cell, the sincerity of the play is evident. As a portrayal of actual conditions it fails, no matter how well acted, because it is not true to life. It is an attempted indictment of the course of the "wheels of justice."

Justice in New York would not take such a course as shown in the play. Falder raises a check, obtains about £90 and is ruined by being sent to prison. Under Section 887 of the Penal Law Falder would only be guilty of forgery in the second degree for raising the check. Section 2188 of the Penal Code gives the court the discretion to suspend sentence during the good behavior of the person convicted of a first offense. To the same effect is the Beranger law in France. In the Galsworthy play no appeal is made to the judge for a suspended sentence.

What would in all probability have happened had the crime been committed in New York, as I understand the procedure in the criminal courts, would be that Falder would plead guilty to forgery in the second or third degree, the District Attorney, under the authority of the court, would accept such plea, and on application the court would suspend sentence upon proof that it was Falder's first offense.

There would be no trial, no harrowing prison scene, and no such intense and disagreeable problem as Mr. Galsworthy and the able company present.

F. DEWITT WELLS,
Municipal Court of the City of New York,
Ninth District.

How Denmark Was Integrated

SIR: Pray let us apply another "drop of water" to the "hole in solid rock" visualized by your San Diego correspondent. On rereading Mr. George Emlen Roosevelt's recent letter and Mr. Walter Lippmann's reply, about integrating America, I have the distinct impression that while both gentlemen are perfect patriots—and I might vote for Mr. Roosevelt sooner than for Mr. Lippmann—the former is viewing the issue of Americanization from the outside, the latter from within.

Let us examine two of the expedients offered by Mr. Lippmann as substitutes, or supplements, for military conscription to standardize our patriotism—a unified railroad system and country-wide insurance—in the light of the success of these programs in another country. As our conscriptionists have worn threadbare the noble example of Switzerland, let us take as model another neutral country, that laboratory for social experiments, little Denmark. In preparedness Denmark is only somewhat more fortunate than we. If a British army should land in Jutland to attack the Kiel Canal, Denmark could offer a policed protest little more heroic than that of Greece. Yet is there a nation whose people are more devotedly patriotic, whose citizens feel themselves more part and parcel of blood and mother soil, who more often display the national flag, not only on school and public buildings, but on their homes and "colony" gardens, who are more homogeneously coördinate? The mere external features of the national railroads contribute to this feeling of national unity. The jaunty uniforms of the guards and station masters, the national arms over the depots, the beloved monogram D S B—Denmark's State Baner—on the coaches, just as the same symbols over the doors of post-office and telegraph station, awaken the sense of an ever-present central government, a feeling of common pride and affection.

Denmark is the paradise of coöperation and social insurance. The uniformity of Danish butter in the London market—the standard product of a thousand coöperative cows—is symbolic of the Danicizing of the Danes. They have in fact "pulled together," to use Mr. Lippmann's

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words, in another connection, "in habits of coöperation of a quality, that we have never known before." In social insurance they have shown the same facility for team work as in agriculture. Insurance is broadly national, although not altogether paternal or compulsory. Sickness and non-employment are cared for by voluntary clubs, to which the government contributes again approximately as much as they raise by dues. Accident insurance, it is true, is compulsory on the employers. And old-age pensions are a paternal dispensation, the expense being shared by the national treasury and the community in which the applicant resides. Those who reach their second childhood become children of the state, and receive what is considered an honorable reward for a deserving, if impecunious, old age. Thus the state is brought home to its households.

The intensive and peaceful development of Denmark in the past generation is a lesson for patriots everywhere. As other nations in war, as her sister country, Sweden, for example, in the days of her military glory turned herself into a community of soldiers and followed the blue and gold cross of adventure unitedly to the battlefields of Lützen and Narva, cheering for Sweden and her King, so the Danes patiently and doggedly, since the disastrous Prussian War of '64, have followed the plough, labored late in the laboratory, developed a very science of social betterment, all in the name of Denmark and Danish patriotism, inflamed with a zest to make each Danish thing which leaves their hands, each Danish idea that finds expression, perfect unto its kind in the name of Denmark. One can almost sympathize with the attitude of the Danish Radical who says, "We need no preparedness; our culture will defend us!" Here is a lesson for the newer American patriotism on the threshold of which we stand wondering and dazed; for that purifying patriotism of idealistic rivalry which the great nations may some day adopt to take the place of glorifying but annihilating war.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH.
The American-Scandinavian Foundation,
New York City.

Solution of the Land Question

SIR: The reference to the manner in which speculators have absorbed the benefits of the United States Reclamation act, in your article entitled "Nemesis of Reform," leads me to call attention to an effort now being made to correct this perversion of benefits and to make the Reclamation act a real opportunity for the landless homeseeker.

The fundamental mistakes of that act were the failure to recognize the large expenditure required to convert raw public land into productive farms—the need of the settler for financial aid and direction in preparing land for irrigation—and to protect settlers buying privately owned land from paying inflated prices.

Secretary Lane is not responsible for these unhappy beginnings. Since this service came under his control there has been a continued effort directed by wisdom and sympathy to make of these districts examples of real "economic equality and contentment." Encouraged by his attitude the authorities of a number of western states, notably Colorado, Wyoming, and California, are endeavoring to bring about a reform in land settlement methods and policies under the Reclamation act.

The plan proposed is for the government to settle the excess lands of these projects under a system similar to that now in successful operation in Australia and New Zealand. This plan has the support of Governor Kendrick of Wyoming, Governor Carlson of Colorado, Governor Johnson of California, President Lory of the Colorado Agricultural College, of President Wheeler and Dean Hunt of the University of California, and many other public-spirited authorities in these and other states who regard the social and economic benefits of the Reclamation act as the thing to be most desired.

This system is not an experiment. It has transformed Denmark; it has been a remarkable success in Australia, and in the latter country natural conditions, the habits and traditions of the people, the character of the land and crops, are almost a direct counterpart of those of California. There is, therefore, no apparent reason why the system would not work equally well here. It has, however, to confront at the outset the fact that we are not accustomed in this country to manage reproductive works, that is, government enterprises carried on under a plan which means the repayment of all the cost, with interest added. To introduce this system at once on all of the twenty-eight reclamation projects would, therefore, be a hazardous undertaking. The safe and prudent course is to give the system a trial on a small scale, and in this way demonstrate its value. The reclamation projects at Grand Junction, Colorado, and Orland, California, are well located for such demonstration. They are along the lines of transcontinental railways, easily accessible for study, and the area to be dealt with is not large enough to involve a hazardous investment of money.

This system of land settlement would perpetuate all of the opportunities of the Homestead law, and introduce a reform in rural life that would make Secretary Lane's administration a notable one in the development of the West. Conditions on the Orland project illustrate the benefits which would come from the introduction of this system.

This project was authorized in 1907, and water for irrigation has been available since 1910. It has an area of about 20,000 acres. Although the Southern Pacific Railroad passes through it, there are still 9,000 acres unimproved and unproductive. The reason for this is that there are few homeseekers who have capital enough to meet the initial land payments and the expenditures needed to level the land, build houses, and otherwise equip farms. While the natural advantages of this project are equal to any in the West and the profits from irrigated farming are reliable and satisfactory, many settlers have been saved from failure only by those to whom they owe money not requiring payment of either principal or interest. Some now need money to complete their improvements and buy live-stock. The local banks are unable to supply this, and as a result farmers' incomes are reduced and their ability to retain their homes endangered. Settlers are more than making a living, but all the profits of farming have to go into improvements. There is no question of their ultimate success if they can be given enough time and be able to borrow money at a sufficiently low rate of interest.

In order, if possible, to provide for this, a conference was recently held between the Water Users' Association of the project and myself, representing the Division of Rural Institutions in the University of California. All were agreed that, if the Australian system of state aid and direction in land settlement could be put into operation here, there would be no doubt about the rapid and successful settlement of all the unoccupied lands of the project. Landowners showed a desire to aid in this, even if it required a sacrifice in the price of land. In order to bring the matter before the Secretary of the Interior in definite form,

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the water users agreed to withdraw their lands from the market for the time being and asked the Secretary to consider the following proposal:

That he appoint three qualified persons to appraise the unsettled lands; the landowners to accept the average of this appraisement. If purchased, payment to be made either in cash or government bonds. Settlement to be made under conditions about as follows:

The government to subdivide the land purchased into living areas, depending on the quality of the soil and the crops to be grown; and to dispose of it to settlers who had the required qualifications on a cash payment of 5 per cent of the purchase price, the remainder to be paid in annual installments of 6 per cent extended over 31½ years. These 6 per cent installments would be made up of 4½ per cent interest and 1½ per cent amortized payments on the principal. Only those not owning land elsewhere, having an amount of capital to be fixed by the Secretary of the Interior, and giving satisfactory evidence of character, industry, and thrift to be eligible as settlers. Settlers to be aided by government organization, which would include a practical adviser who would have the oversight of work done for settlers in preparing farms for cultivation and deciding on where advances should be made on improvements made by settlers. The government, where desired, would oversee and provide funds for the building of houses, leveling land for irrigation, and would help organize cooperative associations for the purchase of farm animals, farm machinery and equipment of every kind. The amount of loans on improvements to be made by the government to the settler would be limited to $800.00 on two to ten-acre homesteads, and to $2,500.00 on farms of forty acres or over; interest on these loans for improvements to be 5 per cent per annum, with amortized payments of principal of 1½ per cent. This would complete the payments in 30 years.

This plan, if adopted, would have the following advantages over existing methods:

1. It would save to settlers the commissions to land selling agencies. These in the past have varied from 15 to 40 per cent of the selling price.
2. It would save both time and money for settlers in the leveling of land, erection of houses and other farm buildings.
3. It would insure to the homeseeker reliable advice about methods of irrigated farming and of the capital needed to make a successful start.
4. It would insure him the money needed for improvements at a low rate of interest and far better conditions of repayment than are possible at present.
5. The examination and appraisal of the land by impartial valuers would protect the settler against buying unfit land and against the payment of inflated prices.
6. To the average settler the combined economies which this system makes possible would reduce from one-fourth to one-half the ultimate cost of his farm. It would enable deserving people with small capital to secure homes here who can not safely attempt it under existing conditions. It would do more than any other single measure to make of government reclamation what is desired.

The introduction of this system will have great value in educating public opinion. The West has suffered by land settlement being largely controlled by those who considered only the profits from land sales. The character of the communities to be created and the influence of these communities on the general welfare has not received the attention it should. The introduction of this system would put the new conception in concrete form.

Only those who are familiar with the large outlay required to bring arid land into cultivation, and the struggles of settlers who have attempted this with inadequate capital, can realize how much good may come from the proposed reform.

ELWOOD MEAD.

University of California,
Berkeley, California.

New Art Society

SIR: Chicago has an Independent Society of Artists—not a little club composed of several radicals and a cubist, but an organization boasting a membership of over one hundred younger artists. There is being viewed a juryless exhibition—an exhibition made possible by a small fee from each member. This entitles the artist to have displayed any work he desires to present. The galleries are located in an unrented floor of a loop office building.

And this so-called "assertion of caprice" is being appreciated greatly by the students in Chicago and tolerably well by the older patrons of the city.

"Cela va sans dire" that such an exhibition is new to Chicago. Yet a few years ago the Chicago Little Theatre was quite as novel an enterprise. Joseph Pennell in a paper on "Art and the American Public," advances the argument that an independent society is only independent until its leader is won over by the factions that control the greater galleries. Time alone will prove the future of Chicago's venture in the hands of the younger men. To-day we have an independent Society of Artists.

OTIS AINSWORTH SKINNER

Winnetka, Illinois.

An Angel Barks Up the Wrong Tree

SIR: Mr. Lippmann, in his amusing article on "The Lost Theme," is fairly on the side of the angels, yet he is none the less, to vary the metaphor, barking up the wrong tree, or, rather, he is barking up several trees at once, somewhat to the confusion of the critical reader. He fails to discriminate two distinct questions, which the layman commonly fails to discriminate, and therefore he does less than justice to men attempting a perfectly commendable thing.

A false note is struck in the very beginning of the article with the introduction of the man at the soirée. There is nothing peculiarly contemporary about his experience. The thing that he runs up against is essentially the same as it has always been, "and the upper left-hand corner of the most obscure picture in the gallery" has ever had a special attraction for the superior person. "The tense motion of the thumb" is "the oldest rule in the book" and was employed as well by the men who talked about Greek torsos, or the Corregiosity of Corregio.

The vital question is raised by Mr. Lippmann only when he says that "art cannot do its work if it remains incommunicable," and that utterance in decoration or "externality" alone is insufficient. It is here that he confuses the issue in so far as he assumes that the modern artist is content with decoration or "externality." The modern artist is not content with anything of the sort. He strives

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intensely to express his deepest feelings. He objects to painting Helen and Nausicaa for the same reason that a musician would object to imitating them, not because he wants to express less, but because he wants to express more. A painter may prefer to paint a still life rather than a portrait because he finds it more plastic to his expressional demands, and he may seek his means in pure abstraction because only so can he transcend mere "externality." He may then claim, and often does claim, that what he says is not incommunicable. It is in truth, he holds, expressed in a language not yet generally understood, but still a real language, one, that is, for which people in general have the aptitude, though it needs practice to make this aptitude effective. He therefore believes that his expression is not eccentric, but central rather, and anticipates the direction of the art to come.

The real question then is not as Mr. Lippmann says, the avoidance by these artists of significant themes, but whether they have found a form to make that significance evident. It is a matter not of intention but result, whether a cosmic synchromy is more cosmic than the Creation of Adam on the Sistine ceiling. It is entirely different from the question whether or not there is a qualitative difference between a Greek tragedy and a Greek vase. An affirmative answer to the latter does not at all imply one to the former question. The synchromy pretends to be something much more than the vase.

I agree with Mr. Lippmann as to the essential failure of these modern efforts, but I think it is desirable that the nature of the attempts should be clearly understood.

LEO STEIN.

New York City.

[NOTE: There is no single person who has a better right to speak of this subject than Mr. Stein. But he has, I think, misunderstood me. Perhaps I might put the argument in skeleton form: the artist wants "to express more." Dissatisfied, for obvious reasons, with traditional myths and situations and objects, he turns to "abstractions." For a time the "abstractions" seem to "express more." To the outsider they express little or nothing, but they often make good patterns. The outsiders accept the patterns, but they cannot express through them their own emotion or that of the artist. Then the incommunicability of the art is rationalized, and a metaphysic is invented or adopted to justify it, and we are told that to look for a theme is the mark of the philistine.

The interesting question is as to why the old themes do not satisfy the modern artist. Clearly they do not satisfy him. It is folly therefore to suggest as so many classicalists do that he must return to those themes. He will not and cannot. But why can't he? That is the query to which I tried to suggest an answer by saying that the artist, like the rest of us, is the victim of that immense change of scale, that wide diffusion of realistic criticism, which is destroying the validity of those traditional forms in which human emotion has expressed itself.—W. L.]

Portland Schools Now Changed

SIR: May I be permitted to call your attention to a mistake in your editorial of January 8th on the Portland, Oregon, school survey? Your comment gives your thousands of readers the impression that the survey is new, and that things in Portland are still as it describes them.

In the spring of 1913 the survey associates made their investigation; and in September of that year the school board published their report. This book is now out of print. Last fall the World Book Company secured permission to republish the survey report; it is upon their edition that your editorial was based.

Many of the changes recommended by the survey were put into operation almost as soon as the survey was printed, as a change of administration was made when the survey was made. A list follows of the changes that have been carried out according to the survey's recommendations; most of them antedate your editorial by two years or more:

New course of study.

Breaking of "lock-step" promotion system.

"Opportunity classes" for exceptional pupils.

Abolishment of set examinations.

Encouragement of variations in schools to suit local conditions.

Encouragement of initiative and responsibility in principals and teachers.

New spirit among principals and teachers.

Primary supervisor.

Open-air rooms.

School and home gardens. (National prize for gardens in two successive years.)

Cooking in grammar grades.

Sewing changed from model work to garment making.

Two schools for feeble-minded.

School for adult blind.

Agricultural high school.

Commercial high school.

Enlargement of night schools, 230 per cent increase in three years, registration now 6,005.

Encouragement of year's leave of absence of teachers for study.

Abandonment of system of fines for teachers.

Abandonment of annual mass meeting for voting taxes.

Other changes not mentioned in the survey are:

The two-group plan. (A variant of the Gary plan; at present optional with principals.)

School credit for home industrial work. (Optional with teachers.)

High school credit for certified work in music.

Increase in high schools, 75 per cent in three years, attendance now 6,375, one high school student to every 39 of population.

One-story plan for new school houses.

Exchange of teachers with eastern cities.

Progression of teachers. (The teacher remains with her class one, two or three years.)

L. R. ALDERMAN,
Superintendent.

Portland, Oregon.

As to "Boche"

SIR: The term *Boche* is referred to in your columns as a word whose meaning remains unknown to anybody.

It has been legally recognized as a term of opprobrium in Germany by the punishment of a French prisoner who used it good-naturedly, or so he said.

According to an account in the New York *Staats-Zeitung,* the word originally designated a person violating a certain paragraph of the German penal code, and was first extended as a term of revilement to Italians in France, in the form *italboche.*

In point of fact its meaning is of a harmless order. It

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is an abridgment by apostrophe of the southern French or Provençal word *caboche*-head. Spanish *cabeza* brings *caboche* a little closer to us.

There would be little to impair the dignity of French expression, if the lips of France framed no worse transgression than counting the enemy by heads.

ALFRED EMERSON.

New York City.

The Greeks Wrote Bad English

SIR: Mr. Meyer Cohen wrote recently about the study of the classics. He made the suggestion that good translations should be read, after pointing out how the undergraduates study their Greek and Latin. Following is a translation of one of Aesop's Fables dictated by a college professor of Greek. The professor translated this passage to his class from the Greek, intending his English translation to be again used as an exercise in Greek composition:

A LION AND A MOUSE

When the lion was sleeping a mouse ran over the body, but he rising caught it. But the mouse begged him to let him go, saying that if he preserved him he would give many thanks, and laughing he released him. But it came to pass that the lion being caught by some hunters was tied to some tree by a rope. Then the mouse hearing him moaning came and gnawed the rope and having released him said: "Thou didst laugh at me so much, but know well now that there is thanks also for mice."

Mr. Cohen may advocate his methods because of the way professors teach—and translate—the classics, as well as the way undergraduates study them.

BENSON Y. LANDIS.

Moravian College,
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Sir Herbert's Defense

SIR: In an article in THE NEW REPUBLIC for March 25th, entitled "After the Play," by F. H., the author says the best apology for Sir Herbert Tree's Henry VIII is that it is not good Shakespeare. Having seen Sir Herbert Tree's production of Henry VIII in London we feel that no apology is necessary, and that the above criticism is unnecessarily scathing. The following notes printed on the program dated June 22nd, 1911, will demonstrate that the idea is not at all a new one and that the subject had been threshed out and accounted for in England five years ago.

"The period of Henry VIII was characterized by great sumptuousness; indeed the daily life of the Court consisted largely of revels, masques and display of splendor. Henry VIII is largely a pageant play. As such it was conceived and written, as such we shall endeavor to present it to the public. Indeed, it is obvious that it would be far better not to produce the play at all than to do so without those adjuncts, by which alone the action of the play can be illustrated. Of course, it is not possible to do more than indicate on the stage the sumptuousness of the period of history covered by the play; but it is hoped that an impression will be conveyed to our own time of Henry in his habit as he lived, of his people, of the architecture, and of the manners and customs of that great age." "Here I am tempted to hark back to the manner of producing Shakespeare, and to say a few words in extenuation of those methods, which have been assailed in a recent article with almost equal brilliancy and vehemence. The writer tells us that there are two different kinds of plays, the realistic and the symbolic. Shakespeare's plays we are assured, belong to the latter category. 'The scenery,' it is insisted, 'not only may, but should be imperfect.' This seems an extraordinary doctrine, for if it be right that a play should be imperfectly mounted, it follows that it should be imperfectly acted, and further that it should be imperfectly written. I claim that not the least important mission of the modern theatre is to give to the public representations of history that shall at once be an education and a delight. To do this the manager should avail himself of the best archæological and artistic help his generation can afford him, while endeavoring to preserve what he believes to be the spirit and the intention of the author. It is, of course, possible for the technically informed reader to imagine the wonderful and stirring scenes which form part of the play without visualizing them. It is, I contend, better to reserve Shakespeare for the study than to see him presented half heartedly. Surely, it is not too much to claim that a truer and more vivid impression of a period of history can be given by its representation on the stage than by any other means of information. Though the archæologist with symbolic leanings may cry out, the theatre is primarily of those who love the drama, who love the joy of life and the true presentation of history."

RADICAL.

Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

Southern Reader Objects

SIR: It is particularly displeasing to southern readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC to see some southern state perennially singled out to illustrate some glaring defect, as the writer conceives, in our present day developments. When the writer confines himself to a statement of the true facts we can only feel that our feelings have been grievously wounded by having our shortcomings unnecessarily flaunted before the public; but when he so far misstates the facts as to show a colossal and abysmal ignorance not only of the conditions as they exist there, but of statistical facts, we can be pardoned for experiencing rather a sense of anger and resentment.

Mr. Gerald Morgan in his article in THE NEW REPUBLIC of April 8th, entitled "The Hay Bill," says: "The proud little state of South Carolina is over-represented in Congress by eight members in the lower house and two senators. . . ." As a South Carolinian I have the honor to inform the gentleman that if he will consult the records on Congress he will find that South Carolina has only seven members in the lower branch of Congress. While there may be a chance for quibble as to the misstatement that South Carolina is "unprogressive even for the South" there can be none as to the number of its representatives in Congress.

I cannot consider it other than a peculiar misfortune that so many, like Mr. Morgan, who would discuss conditions in the South display such a complete misunderstanding of the entire problem, and fall into such palpable error. Good feeling cannot be fostered by such an attitude.

EDWIN RODDEY, JR.

Harvard Law School,
Cambridge, Mass.

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Books and Things

THAT clean sunlit morning she appeared at the door in youthful white, ready for the garden with a pink parasol. She said good morning in her bell-like mezzo-soprano, and I stood up with my finger in my book.

She was a wonderful woman, I thought, a wonderful creation, and I ventured to speculate as to her age. Her hair was still dark, her cheek faintly tinged with color, but how long her cheeks had been tinged, how long her hair dark, I did not dare to guess. In all the capitals of Europe, as they put it, she had been at home for a generation, her eyes a swift look-out, her nose a cleaving prow, her tongue a keen blade. Various ambitions for this world she had sown and reaped. Her cheek was finely furrowed like a harvested field. Her presence in the white doorway made me uncomfortable. I wished to return to my book.

It is only by accident that such people as ourselves came together—mainly the accident of living in a land where guardian railings are uncommon, where it is not the fashion to have walls ivied, and hospitable with broken glass. But the accident was chiefly my secret, one which her tilted telescope could not take in.

She did not know me. That is to say, she was a person of high preoccupations and while I had swum before her vision she had never had occasion to identify me or to suppose that I could have any significance worth her while. This morning, indeed, I arrested her attention, but largely because her eye roved too incautiously into the room off the verandah, and the human body is opaque. In this fact, had I remembered it, was my protection. I had only to remain politely mute to go on being inconsequential. In her eyes I was matter but not necessarily organic matter—a harmless brick, probably, in the path of her four-in-hand tour. But I did not remember I was a brick. I fancied I was human, and I fancied I was generating a current of attention which it was my instant, impulsive object to divert. Why I should have feared her attention I do not know, but I did fear it, and, standing helpless before her, I instinctively raised my book.

She gathered, simple soul, that I wished to bring her notice to it. Being timid and therefore ready for any convenient insincerity I at once pretended to myself that I had wished it to find her notice.

"Have you ever read it?" I asked eagerly.

Age may be circumvented in other people's eyes. It takes liberties with one's own. She had not her glasses, and she could not read the title.

"What is it?" she inquired, as if the pleasure of imparting the title must be mine.

A sudden sense of incongruity came to me. It was incongruous, in the first place, that I should be reading this book. It was not my habit. It did not represent me. This, as I guessed, could make no difference to her. She would not care if, away from her presence, I stood on my head. But even more incongruous was it to ask her if she had read it. I did not suppose she had. I did not really care, either. But the embarrassment of our encounter had plunged me into a senseless question and I had to go on.

"It is," I said brightly, "the 'Imitation of Christ.'"

Had it been Admiral Mahan or the memories of an indiscreet Duchess or the history of the Florentines she would have understood. But Thomas à Kempis, presumably, was no friend of hers. Her manner, however, betrayed nothing. She may have had a thought. I do not believe she did. She did not pause for an instant. She felt nothing perceptible, no incongruity, no discordancy.

"Oh, yes," she rose to the occasion. "Isn't it charming?"

In all the capitals of Europe she had, as I said, pursued a career sufficiently proud. She belonged to the great world and she was a power in it, a power in personal relations through her vigorous and unscrupulous will, a power through her people in most of the affairs that count. She was an oligarch, an insider. Wherever a strip of red carpet intersected the sidewalk her motor would naturally stop of its own volition, and if the heavens were at that moment raining on the just and the unjust alike an umbrella would spring up by the side of her limousine, like a magic mushroom, and she would go up the steps as unconscious of the machinery of her class as a baby is unconscious of the milk problem. In all the conversation beyond those steps, on politics, on dominion, on character, on art, on style, on *entourage,* on the sultry affairs of men and women, her mezzo-soprano would be heard resonant and amusing, with enough friendliness in it to win attention to her and enough danger to make herself felt. I had never seen her in action, but even a warship in bunting cannot belie its long predacious guns. She would be heard from in action, and when the smoke cleared away, the effusions of the effort, there would be a gash in the other fellow's hide.

Supposing that she was like this, letting one's fancy play about her, there was an unexpected pleasure in her reaction on my morning's book. Charming! She could not invent it. Her tone had that perfect surface which only comes with long practice in intercourse. It was not deferential. It was not glib. It was not heartfelt. It was simple, authoritative, complete. When she said that the "Imitation of Christ" was charming, there was no more for anyone to say. It was not impatient or perfunctory. It was, as she held it, adequate. But it closed the door on the subject impartially, without fury or furtiveness. It quite politely let Christ out.

Had such a one been to call, had she actually met and known him, I do not believe it would have been in any way different. In her set, very likely, the opinions about him would rapidly have been canvassed. There would have been glowing, excited young women, disturbed elderly women, angry wives of men downtown, a few thin, ascetic, unmarried women in whose dark eyes the experience would be deep. It would have come up at tea, "What do you think of him? What sort of impression did he make on you?" and everyone would have gone into the discussion, one of those discussions which are the human equivalent of multitudinous twitterings in the sky. But she, bell-voiced, wrinkled, hawk-eyed, she would have no trouble about accounting for him. It would not occur to her to repel him or discountenance him. If he fluttered the world she lived in, that fluttering she would regard with keen malice, without disturbance or alarm. On such a matter she would have equanimity, so long as he did not throw bombs or destroy governments. And she would appreciate his sincerity. "Isn't he charming?" It might readily be conceived.

As she left me to my book, to walk among the early flowers in the gracious garden, it seemed to me a deity had left me, one who was beyond my good and evil, a creature from another sphere. All the vertebrates, says a big tome, are obviously reducible to one style of architecture—and she and I are both vertebrates. But I was incapable of resolving our style. Is it necessary to attempt such things? Is it necessary to make human nature congruous? The struggle, if necessary, passes beyond my power. I was content just to watch her making friends with her quick grandchild down the garden, and see them *en rapport* among the flowers.

F. H.

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After the Play

IN ordinary cases it is easy enough to congratulate anybody upon anything, yet at the present moment, when I have just returned from a visit of congratulation to my old friend Colonel Bannard, I am far from certain that he found my best wishes satisfactory. Two years ago Colonel Bannard, who isn't far from fifty, married Nan Southard, who isn't much over twenty. Nan was not at all keen about marrying him. She was more or less in love with young Ellsworth, a lieutenant living at the same post with Nan and her father and Colonel Bannard. After her father had been stabbed by a Mexican he uttered what was practically a prayer for the marriage of Colonel Bannard and Nan. She allowed herself to be influenced, unduly according to my notion, by her father's dying words.

Colonel Bannard, in spite of his having a heart of gold, was not the right companion for a wife so much younger. He was always an inexpressive man. Nan was lonely. She saw more and more that her only escape from miserable loneliness was by way of young Ellsworth, who had always, as they say, loved her. He sometimes told his love, and Nan sometimes listened. At length they became lover and mistress. This irregular relation of theirs became known to a disreputable orderly with a German name, Bill Hecht. This wretch had long desired Nan. He thought his knowledge of her guilty secret put her in his power. When she refused to submit to his detestable caresses he kissed her against her will. A fortunate accident alone prevented the accomplishment of his other and yet more hellish purpose, and Hecht ran away, leaving Nan in a faint on the floor.

I ought to have said that before Hecht's act of violence Nan had broken with young Ellsworth. She felt that her betrayal of her noble elderly husband was base. She was a woman stricken by remorse. After she had told Ellsworth that she thought Bill Hecht knew their story, and after Ellsworth became certain that this was so and realized that Hecht would likely tell Colonel Bannard all about it, Ellsworth committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

Colonel Bannard had never had a suspicion. Nan's confession was of course a terrible shock. He first verified what she told him about Bill Hecht, spy and ruffian, and then shot Hecht dead. Immediately thereafter he forgave Nan. He and she are now convinced that she always really loved him.

My business, you see, was to congratulate Colonel Bannard upon being reunited to his wife, and upon reaching after such a stormy voyage a haven of happiness. Somehow I could not do this with a whole heart. Doubts would and will obtrude themselves. Young Ellsworth's suicide does render impossible a renewal of the intrigue which Mrs. Bannard had voluntarily broken off, but neither Ellsworth's suicide nor the killing of Bill Hecht has lessened the difference between Bannard's years and his wife's. Neither event has made the gallant colonel a gayer and more exhilarating companion for a woman half his age. When I hear that she has always really loved him I realize that these are vague words. And I can't help wondering how he will take the publicity which is sure to beat upon him and Nan, most pitilessly, when the authorities have investigated the killing of Bill Hecht. My doubts about the happiness of Colonel and Mrs. Bannard throughout the rest of their married life are all the graver because he does not appear to have any doubt at all.

My feeling would be a question mark if Colonel Bannard were really a friend of mine, and my feeling after seeing Augustus Thomas's "Rio Grande," of which I have just told the story, is not very different. But Mr. Thomas himself, so far as I can guess, offers "Rio Grande" to us at the Empire as a play with a happy ending in forgiveness.

Years ago I sometimes thought of American playwrights as belonging to the class of "those miserable males who sniff at vice, and, daring not to snap, do therefore" seem unreal in their work. I used to think that American plays dealing with adultery would be more real if it were committed instead of being merely talked about and planned and prevented. Adultery, I said to myself, is a weapon with which American playwrights are willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.

Thoughts not unlike these strayed about my head when I first saw Mr. Thomas's "Arizona," in which a young woman, married to a colonel much older than herself, and living mostly at a lonely army post, contemplates adultery, is frustrated, loves her husband all the time, and is by him forgiven after the prospective adulterer has been killed by a Mexican by whose fiancée he has had a child.

Well, I was quite wrong. The adultery which in "Arizona" was only a plan is a fact in "Rio Grande," yet there has been little gain in reality in the later play. From neither play do we get any insight into the nature of guilty passion or the psychology of forgiveness. Forgiveness follows sin, provided the husband be sufficiently noble, and happiness, provided the wife really loved her husband all the time, follows forgiveness. For the mind of a grown person this is pretty thin food.

Nothing herein contained, however, shall be taken as an assertion that from "Arizona" to "Rio Grande" there has been no change in Mr. Thomas's moral attitude. Whereas in "Arizona" he seemed to imply that the lover of a married woman is always a low hound, he seems to admit in "Rio Grande" that there may be extenuating circumstances. Young Ellsworth is offered to us not as a hissing villain, but as a youngster unhappy and erring. I had a rather kindly feeling for him until he spoke these words to his mistress: "You angelic, delectable baby, God made you the Paradise men fight for."

Although there is no other speech to match this in "Rio Grande" or elsewhere, so far as I know, in Mr. Thomas's work, yet his weakest side is habitually shown in love scenes. Wherever poetry is needed he is likely to give us sentimental rhetoric, just as he gives us rhetoric whenever his characters aspire to be loftily reflective. I wish he would try to keep women off his stage. The worst things his men say are said to women.

When they are alone their speech is genuinely American. It consists partly of such sentences as are actually spoken by soldiers, gamblers, brokers, lawyers, partly of sentences which are Mr. Thomas's specialty, and for which his recipe is to take things such men might say and to give them neatness and point and force and humor and often wit. "Prejudice, my dear Helen, prejudice," answers the professional gambler in "The Witching Hour" to the woman who has said his material possessions are a monument to the worst side of him. "You might say that if I'd earned these things in some respectable combination that starved out all its little competitors. But I've simply furnished a fairly expensive entertainment—to eminent citizens—looking for rest."

I have not the slightest idea who is the foremost American dramatist, but my guess is that if everybody voted a majority would vote for Mr. Thomas. His stories never

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mean much, but he tells them so well that they are often exciting and never tedious. There is something large in the ease with which he can move so many persons on and off and about his stage. There is something robust in his pictures of two men confronting each other, in the threatening directness with which their wills speak. Through plays which deal with familiar violences, as through plays which raise and shirk less familiar problems, he has managed to keep and to express his humor and a kind of large-limbed honesty. He has taught ready-made sentimental morality to talk with a voice that sounds almost male.

Q. K.

The New Generation

Songs and Satires, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

WHEN you twitch your ears for a small boy you create a special and apparently inexhaustible craving. You cease to be an ordinary human being in that boy's eyes, you become an incarnated ear-twitcher. The sole justification for your existence, as he sees it, is your delicious faculty for twitching your ears. In this respect the small boy is not unlike the American people. The American people is not quite so simply pleased but if you once do deeply please it, if you once become identified in its vague monstrous mind with any particular gesture or intonation, you cannot get much response from it except by duplicating the performance that aroused and fixed its taste. You may not wish to repeat it. You may, like Peter Dunne or Mark Twain or George Barr McCutcheon or O. Henry, have a few little intentions of your own. But there is something slow and obdurate about the public. Like a horse, it is hard for it to form an idea. Once formed, an idea is a devil's pitchfork in its brain.

Because of this trait in the public "Songs and Satires" will probably be disappointing. In "Spoon River Anthology" Mr. Masters did more than write poetry. He presented his poetic themes in a way peculiarly dramatic. His method, obviously, made for striking success with the public, and it created the notion that as an inventor of method Edgar Lee Masters stood supreme. Only a madman would have harped on the original device, and Mr. Masters is not a madman. In the absence of another startling device, however, he has not the same salt of novelty, and those who savored just the novelty in "Spoon River" will undoubtedly deem "Songs and Satires" flat.

Mr. Masters, however, is the same Mr. Masters. Different in method and varied in theme, "Songs and Satires" is penetrated with the same quality as "Spoon River Anthology." And because Mr. Masters is a deep poetic spirit, one of the greatest in the America of our time, it would be an immense pity if the absence of a certain special excitement should keep the readers of "Songs and Satires" from finding the treasures inside.

As to the essential Mr. Masters there are various opinions. Out of Loudonville, Ohio, there recently came one unspoiled opinion, straight from a suffering heart. "'Spoon River'" said the Loudonvillian, "is not life,—it is death. It does not present life truly, wholesomely. It does not satisfy the demands of the poetic nature. It is too earthly. It creeps like a reptile through slime and evil. We are depressed; our imagination is destroyed, and we close the book with a disgust for its vulgarity. There is life in this book, say what you will. But it contains none of the 'noble and profound applications of ideas to life.'"

At this opinion one may imagine Mr. Masters himself lightly smiling. One may imagine admirers and advocates of his receiving it with wrath. But why should a poet, a fine poet, so disgust and depress and perplex? Why should he seem slimy and vulgar and unwholesome? Mr. Masters is big enough to make any attempt at a reasonable answer worth while.

The best man to answer, so far as I know, would be Thorstein Veblen. If one thinks Masters big as a poet, it would be feeble not to apply that word or some more eulogistic word to Veblen as a social analyst. The confusions that arise about Mr. Masters are due to his arrival on the stage at a period of economic and moral transition. For the right clues to this transitional period there is no observer so fertile, so brilliant, so inexorably honest as the author of "The Theory of Business Enterprise."

What the man from Loudonville is butting into, in "Spoon River" and "Songs and Satires," has a quite terrific name. It is, in the jargon beloved of Mr. Veblen, "the cultural incidence of the machine process." Under the circumstances, evidently, the Ohioan kept his temper remarkably well. The difference between him and Mr. Masters is a considerable difference. It is a difference, using another catchword, in "norms of validity." The Ohioan's norms rest "on conventional, ultimately sentimental grounds; they are of a putative nature. Such are, *e.g.*, the principles of (primitive) blood relationship, clan solidarity, paternal descent, Levitical cleanness, divine guidance, allegiance, nationality." Being an honest, conventional man, he argues *de jure*. His characteristic habits of thought are "habits of recourse to conventional grounds of finality or validity, to anthropomorphism, to explanations of phenomena in terms of human relation, discretion, authenticity, and choice. The final ground of certainty in inquiry on this natural-rights plane is always a ground of authenticity, of precedent, or accepted decision." He is, in short, a normal "conservative" man, and his disgust and distress over Mr. Masters is due to the fact that Mr. Masters is one of the first poets to become really articulate in a civilization affected by the machine.

"On the whole," says Mr. Veblen, "the number and variety of things that are fundamentally and eternally true and good increase as one goes outward from the modern West-European cultural centers into the earlier barbarian past or into the remoter barbarian present." Loudonville, in this connection, stands for the remoter barbarian present; and Mr. Masters for the number and variety of things that are decreasingly good and true.

It is no wonder that Mr. Masters is out of touch with many sincere Americans. He is breaking new ground poetically, ground that "is neither ecclesiastic, dynastic, territorial, nor linguistic; it is industrial and materialistic." One discerns all through "Songs and Satires" that this has come to pass. Mr. Masters belongs definitely to an age and sphere that has new habits of thought. It is dissonant with fine literary tradition. But those whose experience and sympathies have been similar to Mr. Masters's, can see that it is not his personality alone which gives the troublous accent to his work.

"The machine process throws out anthropomorphic habits of thought." "The machine process gives no insight into questions of good and evil, merit and demerit, except in point of material causation, nor into the foundations or the constraining force of law and order, except such mechanically enforced law and order as may be stated in

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terms of pressure, temperature, velocity, tensile strength, etc. The machine technology takes no cognizance of conventionally established rules of precedence; it knows neither manners nor breeding and can make no use of any of the attributes of worth." "The machine is a leveller, a vulgarizer, whose end seems to be the extirpation of all that is respectable, noble, and dignified in human intercourse and ideals." "To the technologist the process comes necessarily to count, not simply as the interval of functioning of an initial efficient cause, but as the substantial fact that engages his attention. . . The process is always complex; always a delicately balanced interplay of forces that work blindly, insensibly, heedlessly. . . The prime efficient cause falls, relatively, into the background and yields precedence to the process as the point of technological interest."

Taking these bits from Mr. Veblen, torn bleeding from their context, the question is whether "Songs and Satires" does really in any way correspond. For the most part, as I see it, it does correspond. It is not in one poem that Mr. Masters seems to me to represent that modern population which Veblen calls iconoclastic and materialistic. It is in the general temper and animus he has about life. That population is said to be "growing more matter-of-fact in their thinking, less romantic, less idealistic in their aspirations, less bound by metaphysical considerations in their view of human relations, less mannerly, less devout." They have here a poet who shares their habits of thought. It does not matter whether Mr. Masters is writing a poem about motherhood or Godhead, about Bryan or St. Francis, about mortality or Jesus or the Loop or romantic love. He may supplicate the Lord or eulogize "Simon Surnamed Peter" or brood over "Dead Faces" or sing of a mistress "In Michigan," but in every case his "norms of validity" are the norms of a new manner of feeling and thinking, a manner to which most of us are not habituated, a manner which it is sheer delight to find so beautifully sung.

If a man is not an artist one resents especially any difference in his habit of thought. A machine-process version of the Jesus story, in which the savior is a buoyant radical fighting the Bar Association and the Civic Federation, might easily be an exasperation or a joke. But when one has come to it after the wit of the poem on Bryan, the sense of human process in "So We Grew Together," the agony of "In the Car," the humanity of "Simon Surnamed Peter," "one of our flesh," one is acclimated and has sympathy to spare. So it is with the conversation between man and God on the subject of electrons, or the Michigan Avenue mistress "In a Cage." So it is with the mordant "Arabel" and the eloquent bitterness of "The Helping Hand," and the portrait of William Marion Reedy, unless you happen to be the person he calls "dung."

When a man chooses to write poetry about fundamental themes, about love and God and death and pain and sorrow and war and failure and desire and spring, he cannot let his feelings come through those poems unless he has accepted a way of taking life. Mr. Masters is a man of forty or so, sceptical, unsentimental, unloyal, deharmonized. Against faith in anything but a vague "radicalism" and the evidence of his senses he reacts vigorously. He is not merely rational, like poets of the eighteenth century. He writes of men *de facto* with a strong refusal to explain them or at any rate explain them away. The exciting thing, however, is to discover how a world so remorseless and harsh can sing to the ear of this poet, how phenomena so little ameliorated can be so rich in communicable feeling. There are "silences," of course. "Love is a Madness" is a silence. "What You Will" is a silence. "Arabel," "A Study," "Portrait of a Woman," bespeak inexplicable processes and moods. The ballads of Launcelot are exquisite as archaic tapestries. "St. Francis and Lady Clare" is more intentional but hardly more affirmative. "The Altar," like "For a Dance," is a jewelled song. But the main tenor of the volume is to affirm as lyrical and beautiful in their own way the new norms of validity, the only norms that this age is likely to know. "O Glorious France" is less characteristic, more obviously "noble and profound." It is a pæan to men not Chicagoan, "prophetic and enraptured souls." But it stands almost alone.

A mixture of narrative and dissertation is common in Mr. Masters. He employs it in matter-of-fact idiom in most of his longer poems, in swinging verses elsewhere:

> So he stepped from the Sun in robes of flame
> As the city woke from sleep.
> He walked the markets, he walked the squares,
> He walked the places of sweets and snares,
> Where men buy honor and barter shame,
> And the weak are killed as sheep.

The shorter lyrics, of which there are many, are nearly all rhymed. But there is one unrhymed lyric, "The Altar," with these words in it:

> Thy face is the apple tree in bloom;
> Thine eyes the glimpses of green water
> When the tree's blossoms shake
> As soft winds fan them.
> Thy hair is flame blown against the sea's mist—
> Thou art spring.

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Another use of rhyme in narrative may be illustrated from "In the Cage":

> For dancing you have cast
> Veil after veil of ideals or pretense
> With which men clothe the being feminine
> To satisfy their lordship or their sense
> Of ownership and hide the things of sin—
> You have thrown them aside veil after veil;
> And there you stand unarmored, weirdly frail,
> Yet strong as nature, making comical
> The poems and the tales of woman's fall . . .
> You nod your head, you smile, I feel the air
> Made by the closing door. I lie and stare
> At the closed door. One, two, your tufted steps
> Die on the velvet of the outer hall.
> You have escaped.

"Why life hurts so" is not the male's normal inquiry. But in his "Portrait of a Woman," a woman of whitened hair, Mr. Masters is unwontedly tender:

> You seem to me the image of all women
> Who dream and keep under smiles the grief thereof,
> Or sew, or sit by windows, or read books
> To hide their Secret's looks . . . .
> Perhaps your pathos means that it is well
> Death in his time the aspiring torch inverts,
> And all tired flesh and haunted eyes and hands
> Moving in pained whiteness are put under
> The soothing earth to brighten April's wonder.

In these forty-five poems, half of them fairly long, there are not more than a dozen unrhymed verses. The rhymed verses seem to me peculiarly sensitive and inventive and sure. If one can speak of technique apart from the sum of a poem, "Songs and Satires" is technically remarkable. But the supple and diversified method is only a sign of the rich poetic nature finding voice.

F. H.

The Bogey Man

The Crowd in Peace and War, by Sir Martin Conway. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

BEFORE the war "the psychology of the crowd" held much the same position in public favor as that now occupied by the more intimate Freudian insight. It was the pampered pet of the popular magazines, a four-leafed clover-field for snippy generalizers and inspired rhetoricians. Wisdom in the subject was believed to be the result of a hasty reading of Tarde and Le Bon, followed by a determined effort to outdo those gentlemen in vagueness. Now that the literature of the war has run its normal course of invective, historical, apologetic, and economic analysis, we may confidently expect a revival of interest in "the psychology of the crowd." Problems of "collective emotion"—as the rather loose phrase has it—seem tragically real to-day. Already, in fact, there is an advance crop of what, on the declaration of peace, may prove to be an abundant harvest. In individualistic England Sir Martin Conway, well known for his attainments in the field of the history of art, has explored new pastures in a book, warm of the times, which he calls "The Crowd in Peace and War." It is a curiously futile product, running true to the type of maddening vagueness in fashion two years ago; but it is an excellent example of a kind of book of which we may soon expect many more examples.

Aside from their vagueness and loose employment of words, seemingly the *sine qua non* of popular books on crowd-psychology, the chief characteristic of volumes of this particular type, has been an easy anthropomorphism of abstract terms, the hazy assumption of "collective" emotion and intelligence—entities quite distinct from the individual feelings and thoughts of the members of the group—the hypostatizing of "public opinion," "sentiment of the community" and "spirit of the age." Popular crowd psychology, it might be said, has been busy in the creation of ponderous wraiths. There is more excuse for this sort of thing now than formerly. To-day, two years of war have forced us to adopt a new shorthand of speech and we talk quite naturally of an empire's sluggishness or a principality's heroism; under the facile hands of cartoonists these metaphysical essences have taken on sharp-pencilled body, almost like Virtue and Vice in the old morality plays, and our imagination roams in an unreal world of bewildered, bellicose giants. Crowds—especially "national" crowds—are easily personified. Sir Martin speaks of the crowd as a "dumb organism," "a kind of beast," having "a life of its own, in some ways superior, in others inferior, to the life of its component individuals." In early editions of the "Leviathan" was printed a frontispiece picture of a multi-human-celled Gargantua, a lovely and graphic absurdity. I sometimes believe that picture has influenced English thought from Hobbes to the present day. Certainly Sir Martin seems to have fallen under its spell.

Now, in ordinary speech this symbolical way of ascribing vague collective states of consciousness to crowds permits us to talk about a certain somewhat baffling class of "facts," and the value of a book on the crowd which employs uncritically every-day verbal assumptions will lie wholly in its collection of empirical data. "The Crowd in Peace and War," for instance, contains a certain number of interesting observations. But Sir Martin would have us believe he is writing much more, a book with serious, scientific intention. He isn't. Such a book would differ radically from "The Crowd in Peace and War." And his would be a fair question, if he asked, "how would it?"

It would, to begin with, shatter to bits the commonsense idol of anthropomorphic "collectivism." It would define its terms. It would not show a layman's almost proud naïveté before the whole history of psychological problems. The trend of expert opinion seems to be that there is no specific instinct of imitation, and it has even been suggested that the term "suggestion" be disavowed, as a word of aggressive confusion. The problem really raised by the psychologists of the crowd is this: How far are our reactions to the stimulus provided by other human beings different in character when those who stimulate us are many, from what they are when those who stimulate us are few or only one? Sir Martin never comes to grips with this, the basic problem. He generalizes and assumes, dogmatizes in qualitative terms. He hardly hints at any quantitative answers to specific questions. When we unlock his solid and elaborate casket of generalizations we find only unsubstantial mist.

In fact, it seems very nearly impossible for writers on psychological topics who employ terms uncritically to furnish answers to what few problems they may raise which are not more obscure than the obscurity out of which the very problems arose.

Without any wish to make an argumentative mountain out of a random, unoffending hill, let us examine critically

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one loose statement, typical of so many in "The Crowd in Peace and War." The psychological background of legal history involves many first-rate problems, and this is Sir Martin's contribution to them: "It [the crowd] stigmatizes as crimes those actions which are obviously injurious to the social organism and which can be defined and are capable of proof." What are the facts? Take laws about property, for instance. By hook or crook certain people in certain communities (the Normans in England, let us say) got possession of desirable pieces of land. They wanted to keep this land and hand it on to their sons. Laws of tenure were framed which made it hard for those unnatural persons who might desire to sell their property, the framers, of course, having the physical power to coerce the minority. In due time the country began to suffer severe economic losses from the maintenance of the laws. Then they were modified—not because the social "organism" had any intuition concerning the matter, but because a few men in parliament had sense enough to see the law's evils and win a majority. In all this process "the crowd" did or said nothing in particular. If, as a result of the laws, the peasants had been starving, there would have been riots. But a person would indeed have to be given over to intellectualism to say that the riots were due to an intuition on the part of "the crowd" into what constituted the wellbeing of the social "organism" and a desire to stigmatize the laws as injurious to that wellbeing. A realist might say the riots were due to what could be described by the short and ugly word, hunger.

Sir Martin's persistent vagueness results in a philosophical method, perfect in its simplicity, which we can confidently recommend to all those who are struggling so valiantly to make evil the handmaiden of good. Throughout the book runs a tone of depreciation as to the crowd's value; its function, we are told almost patronizingly, is "emotional." Sir Martin grows warm when he speaks of crowd "tyranny" and gets excited at the notion—now popular in England—that because the Liverpool dockers drink too much to be efficient workmen it is "unpatriotic" of Premier Asquith to have his glass of sherry before a cabinet meeting. But he takes thought; he is writing a book on the crowd and must be just. In his chapter, "The Value of the Crowd," his procedure is substantially this: great deeds and fine ideals have coexisted in the world with crowds. Therefore one couldn't exist without the other; *ergo*, crowds have value.

Yet "The Crowd in Peace and War" hasn't the cheapness of such typically American mysticisms as that of Gerald Stanley Lee, acclaimed by the extra-edition reading public. Like most cultivated Englishmen, Sir Martin knows his history; he abounds in clear historical summaries and references to the classics. If he is English in his long labor to prove the obvious, he is English also in his invincible common-sense judgments about human nature, in his pendulum-like balanced sentence style in vogue among the more hard-headed Victorians, in his logic that is a long series of iron syllogisms. Writing in the midst of war, he is fairer to the Germans than most New York newspapers. It isn't that "The Crowd in Peace and War" is a poor book of its kind; it is just that that particular kind is silly and futile. From such a book the reader rises not one whit better equipped to deal practically or theoretically with the very problems it envisages. It may add to our sense of the world's infinite multiplicity, but it furnishes no clue as to how that multiplicity may be controlled or guided to finer ends.

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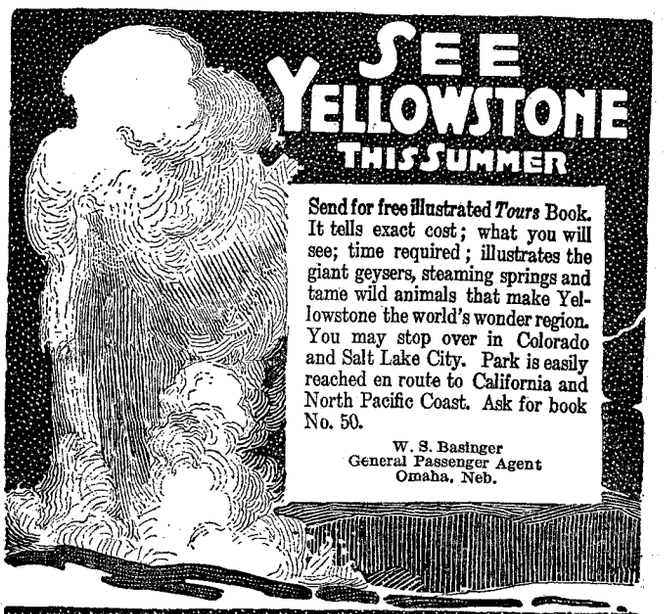
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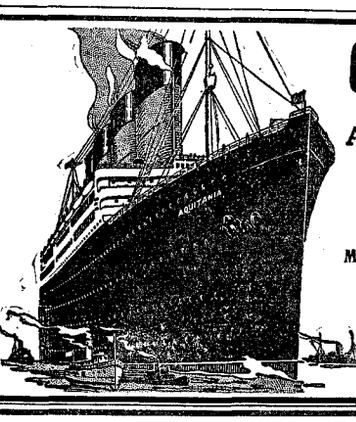

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